NEWCOMERS IN AMERICAN FICTION

The Saturday Review of Literatur

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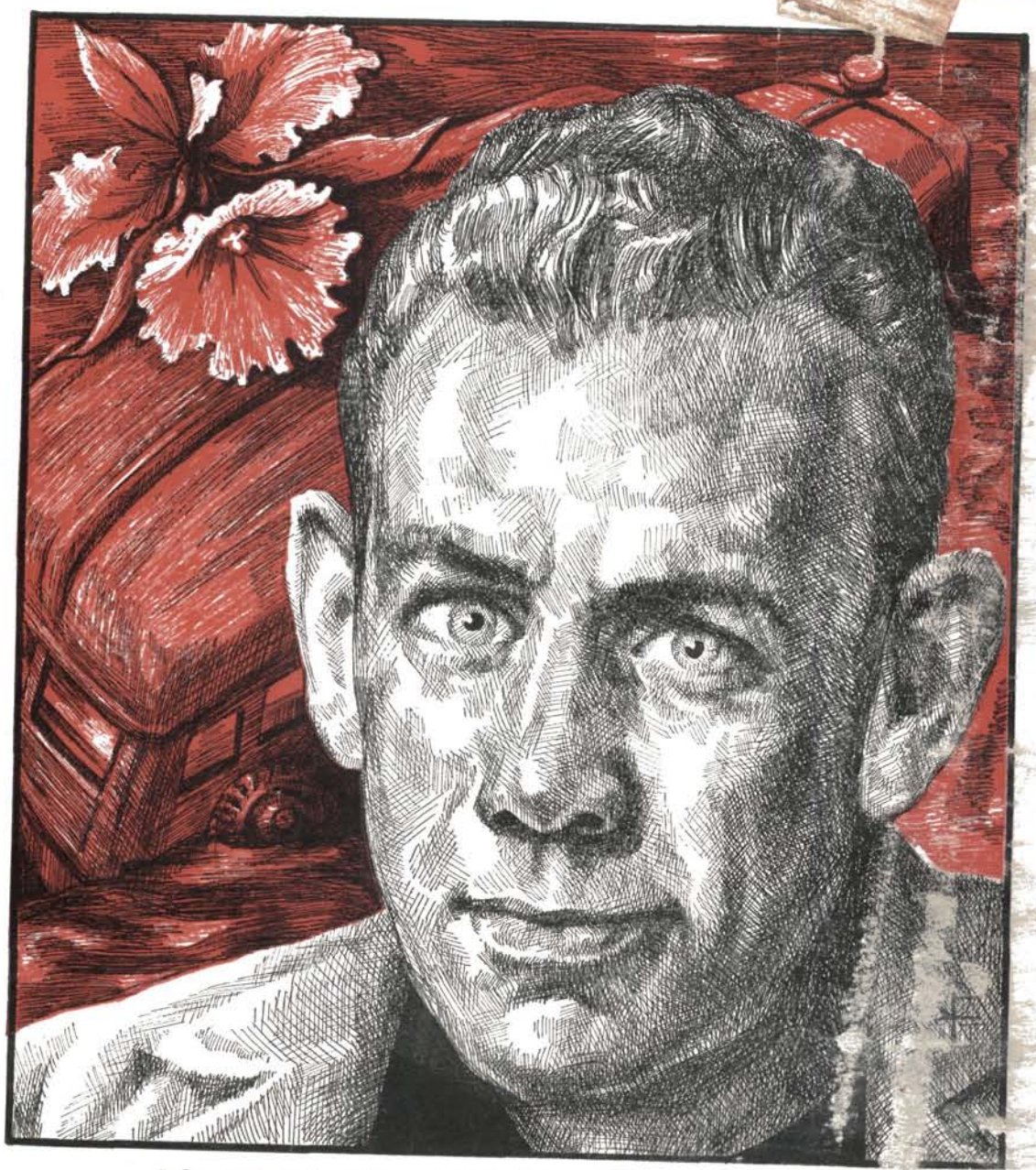

John Steinbeck, author of "The Wayward Bus." *(See page 14)*

The Age of the Jackpot

By EDWIN SEAVER

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A "First"

with first-rate reviews

Mister Roberts

THOMAS HEGGEN

Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times said: "This is his first book. It reveals him as the fortunate possessor of a natural aptitude for writing and of a delightfully raucous sense of humor. "Mister Roberts" is broadly funny in a coarsely biological Navy fashion. Instead of the leer or snigger of some writers, his hearty, vulgar haw-haw rings out with such youthfully healthy animal spirits that even the most prudish should find themselves enjoying the deplorable spectacle of life aboard the Reluctant."

James Gray, Chicago Daily News said: "The sort of small book about which cults are likely to develop. If you like it, you like it tremendously and those who also like it are your brothers . . . Thomas Heggen is a proper companion to his own Mister Roberts. He writes with dignity and compassion even when he deals with the most ribald, the most outrageous, incidents."

Clip Boutell, N. Y. Post said: " . . . takes all the honors as far as I am concerned in new, creative American writing. It comes very close to being perfect. I would be inclined to call "Mister Roberts" the best novel of the year . . . "

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 7, February 15, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc. Registered United States Patent Office.

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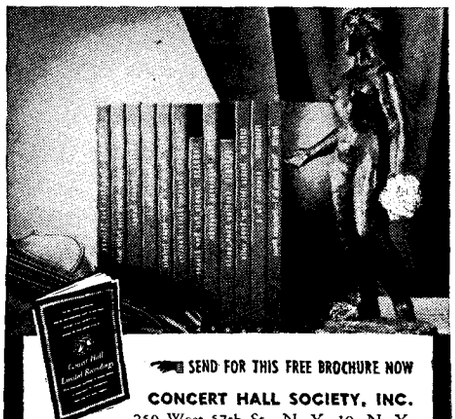

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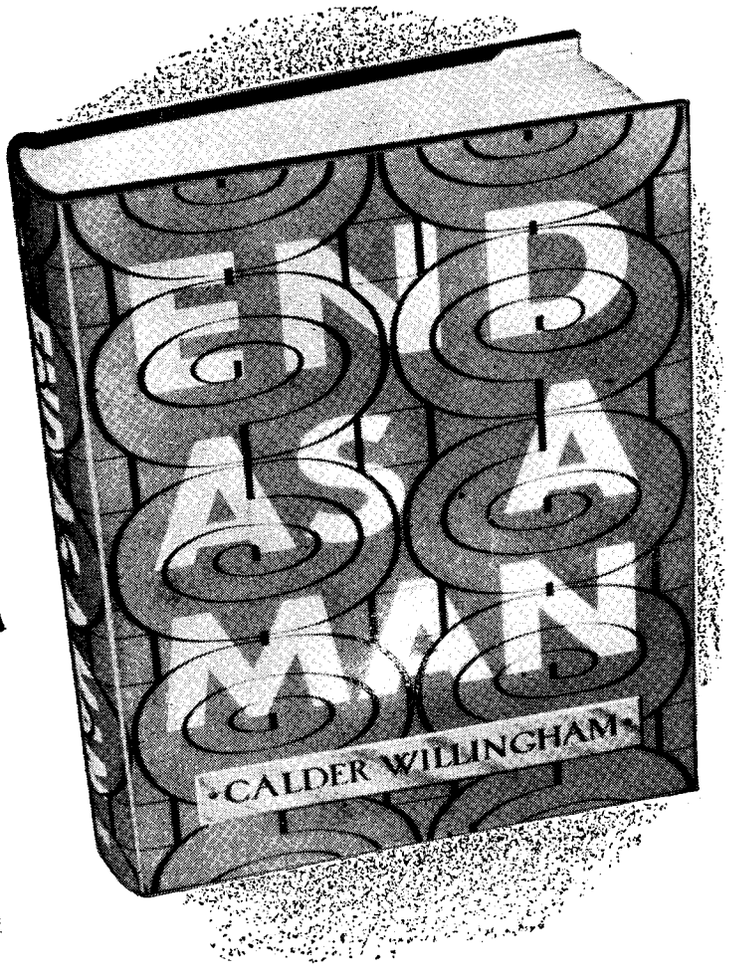
END AS A MAN



by Calder Willingham

END AS A MAN

From cities and towns all over the South they come to the Academy to be made into men — more: into officers and gentlemen. The process is not easy. Too much has already happened to them; the patterns of sadism, depravity, hysteria and intolerance were set too long before. The Academy discipline is intended to correct. Instead, it corrupts. The unpleasant becomes vicious; the unbalanced, manic. The ideal, however, persists: end as a man.

With a speed, smoothness, strength and savagery that would be spectacular even in an established author, Calder Willingham tells the story of a group of young men in a Southern military college. You move in with these men; they move in on you. So sure is the author's power, so swift his narrative, that you, as you read, live in the Academy — the companion of Black Gatt, Sowbelly Simmons and the remarkable Jocko de Paris.

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TRADE Winds

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS have been aware for some time that, as far as foreign rights and markets are concerned, they have been babes in the wood. How very much they will have to learn before they can hold their own with English competitors only became apparent when the United States International Book Association, organized with much fanfare early in 1945, fell flat on its face in less than two years, and was abandoned after a series of epic conclaves and misunderstandings.

Whether or not USIBA could have survived if it had been set up and run properly is a question that will never be answered. Proponents of the plan maintain that it was pieced together too hastily, underfinanced from the outset, and thrown to the wolves just when it was beginning to function efficiently. Opponents, equally vehement, insist that it courted disaster when it sacrificed the purposes for which it ostensibly was organized (the spread of American culture and ideals abroad through the medium of books) to become nothing more nor less than an international sales agency for American publishers.

The 124 publishers who originally supported USIBA (the State Department added $25,000 to the pot just before expenditures for foreign propaganda were pared to the bone) soon began wrangling over the mounting overhead and the inefficiency in processing orders from abroad. Many of the most important figures in the industry were ready to contribute large sums to keep it going, but when one firm after another withdrew its support, the organization was doomed.

To say that the collapse of USIBA is a slap in the face to international relations and American book publishing is a flagrant overstatement. Too many foreign booksellers were disgusted with the service USIBA was rendering them, and imploring individual publishers to supply them direct. Too many houses here were convinced that USIBA had undertaken an impossible job—one that could be performed immeasurably better by their own personal representative abroad. American books will still be offered in foreign countries, although a few uninformed editorial writers seemed to think that the end of USIBA meant the end of all such efforts in other lands. The fact of the matter is that within two weeks of the final collapse of USIBA over twenty publishers announced the names of individuals or sales agencies who would step into the breach immediately. One of the best of them, Bill Hall (see below), is already in Europe. Others are on the way.

There is a very good reason why the English publishers made monkeys of the Americans in foreign markets before the war. In the first place, their home market was infinitely smaller than ours, and there was much more incentive for them to seek additional outlets abroad. In the second place, their government, much more interested than ours in seeing its book trade prosper, granted them large subsidies and sponsored laws in all the British colonies that afforded them virtual monopolies. By the time a few enterprising American firms began exploring the ground, the position of the British publishers was almost impregnable. Now that the war is over, nobody can blame them for trying to regain what they had, and bitterly resisting American efforts to cut the ground from under them.

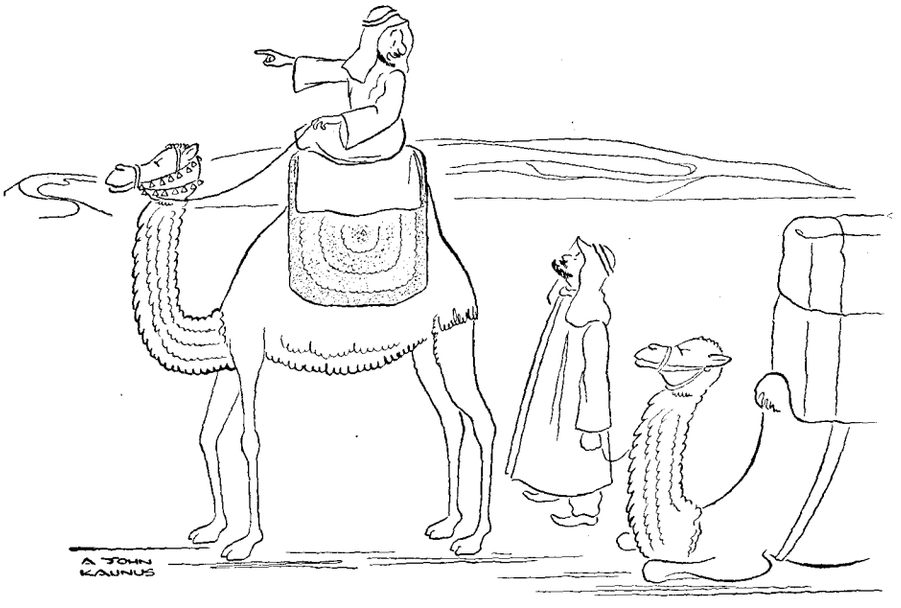
Most English publishers today recognize the fact that Europe and South America are "open territory," although a few die-hards still think that by buying the English rights to an American book for a few hundred pounds' advance, they are entitled automatically to all "world rights" outside the U.S.A. A group of English publishers during the war agreed among themselves to accept no book for publication in England unless exclusive Australian rights were included in the contract. This rather arbitrary stand seemed calculated neither to please the growing Australian publishing industry itself nor American houses whose relations with such reputable Australian firms as Angus and Robertson have been mutually profitable and pleasant.

There is plenty of room in the world for good books from both English and American sources. Hotheads and gluttons can—and have—made the going sticky. There are so many deep bonds of friendship between individual publishers in England and America, however, so many responsible leaders in the book business in both countries who know the universal necessity for spreading the democratic ideal, that I feel a satisfactory compromise can and will be worked out to safeguard the legitimate interests of everybody concerned.

At any rate, the disappearance of USIBA does not mean the end of American books abroad. We are in the foreign markets to stay. . . .

BILL HALL, who sailed aboard the *Drottningholm* on January 31 to represent over seventy American publishers in Europe, is eminently qualified to restore any native prestige that may have been lost through the USIBA debacle. A keen student of literature, a diplomatic and experienced world traveler, he enters a field where he already has invaluable contacts and advantages. In appearance he resembles the actor Jimmy Gleason; his manner of speech and incredible fund of information caused one publisher to dub him "the John Kieran of the book business."

In 1929, Hall professed to be a silk merchant, but he seemed to find time



"I'll race you to the next mirage."

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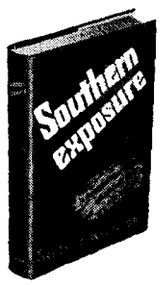
"From where I sit"

IF OPA were still here I'd have a ceiling to hit, and right now I could use one. There are two bees in my bonnet, one is **Southern Exposure** by STETSON KENNEDY. This book is selling well, to be sure, but it isn't selling half well enough, and nothing like what it deserves.

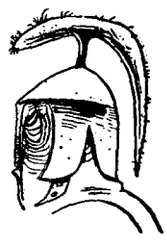
Taking his life into his own hands and his heart into his own mouth, young STETSON KENNEDY has secretly joined scores of intolerant bigoted race-hating-baiting organizations just to find out what makes their briefcases tick. Probing for years under masked identity, he has recently come to New York unmasked (but dressed, for publicity purposes, in the full Klan regalia) where his face, interviews with him, and articles by him have appeared in the *Post*, *PM*, and other newspapers. KENNEDY doesn't mind having his face recognized now, since by the time you read this he will be testifying in Atlanta against the Columbians. Everything in **Southern Exposure** has been headlining the news.



* * *

Well, how many of you loyal readers have broken down and bought a copy of R. OSBORN'S **War Is No Damn Good?** I hope that you have because I was beginning to feel that people are no damn good.

In an age when the press and the radio and every store you pass screams at you, telling you that you owe it to yourself to have lovelier, gleamier, creamier, longer-lasting hair and teeth and bowels, your other obligations to society are pretty much drowned out. So far as I'm concerned you have absolutely no obligation to me or to Doubleday. But I do think you have an obligation to the tune of $3 and $2 respectively, and obligation to two men who have gone to considerable trouble to plead for the causes of racial equality and peace. Americans are wonderful at donating their blood and their sentiments to the sick, whoever and wherever they may be. But what will we contribute to equality and peace?



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to attend every book auction, and in fact sponsored sales of his own at the Anderson and American Art Galleries. Between auctions, he hobnobbed with bookmen on the golf links. His national handicap was seven, and he was one of the charter members of the Winged Foot Golf Club. Paired with printer Ted Mortimer, he succeeded one summer day in nosing out the formidable team of Walling and Cerf sixteen up in a hotly contested eighteen-hole match. "If that's the way publishers putt," he announced in the clubhouse, "I've been throwing away a fortune by staying in the silk business." Two weeks later he joined forces with William Edwin Rudge, and began selling an eighteen-volume collection of the Boswell Papers for $900 a set. He sold so many sets on a commission basis in the first three months (including one to me—though I don't hold it against him) that Rudge had to make him general manager to stay solvent. Hall's best friends in those days were Jack Fraser of Winston, Ed Porter of Putnam—and Christopher Morley.

It was Morley who brought Bill Hall and Harry Snyder together in 1933. Snyder had built up an enormous business in the Orient and Hawaii, representing practically every American publishing house in existence. Now he wanted to expand his operations, and Hall was the answer to his prayers. Hall made one trip for him in the Orient and then became a partner in the firm. Soon he was covering more ground than Richard Halliburton. He traveled through Scandinavia, France, Holland, and Italy, making friends who are welcoming him back this very day. He made a lightning trip through Mexico, Cuba, and South America, adding territory to the Snyder empire that proved a life-saver when war destroyed the Oriental market. In 1946 he visited Australia and New Zealand. Today Harry Snyder feels that he has so much to take care of in other parts of the world that he must leave the European market out of his calculations. He and Hall have parted in friendship and good will to go their separate ways.

No account is too small for Bill Hall to visit and service personally. He says he learned the importance of detail on his first trip to China. A Peking book dealer treated him to a sumptuous dinner of over a dozen courses. Hall was worried at the amount of food that was carried uneaten from the table. "It will not be wasted," he was assured. "It goes to a restaurant down the street not so high grade as this." Hall asked, "What happens to their left-overs?" The answer was, "It keeps traveling until it's all gone." Hall had a sudden disquieting thought. "How do I know," he asked "that what *we* are having doesn't come from an even better place *up* the street?" "No," said the Chinese merchant. "Everything starts here."

Now Bill Hall and a half dozen other American salesmen have started working in Europe. I hope when they get to Paris they will run into the agitated lady who cabled to the *New York Herald Tribune*, "The folding up of USIBA represents a thoughtless, irresponsible, selfish action by a body of Americans who should know better. America's leading publishers have shown frightening symptoms of a revived and stupid isolationism." I think that after seeing Hall and the others in action, she will be singing a different tune.

BENNETT CERF.

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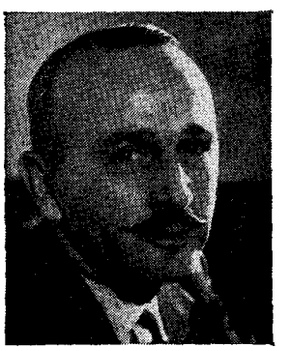
These Six

are new novelists who here appear for the first time in the *Saturday Review*. Their books will be published within the next few weeks. Watch for them. Each will make a real contribution to American fiction.



PERCY WINNER
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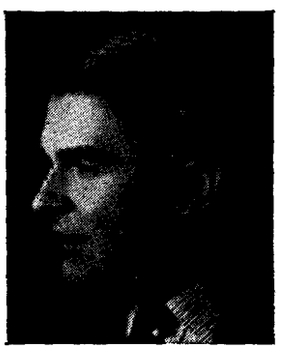
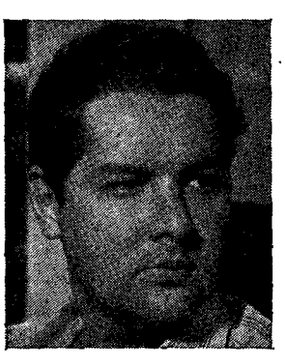
DARIO
A portrait of a fascist by a brilliant American journalist.

BARBARA GILES
author of
THE GENTLE BUSH
A realistic novel of Louisiana—of Cajun and cane planter at odds with tradition.

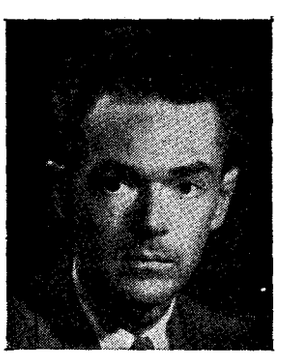


JOHN KELLY
author of
ALL SOULS' NIGHT
An astringent social satire on a highly sophisticated level.



GILBERT NEIMAN
author of
THERE IS A TYRANT IN EVERY COUNTRY
An American discovers his neighbors in this violent, colorful novel of Mexico.

ANN ABELSON
author of
ANGELS' METAL
A frank and satirical novel that opens in a Catholic college for women.



JOHN ROGERS SHUMAN
author of
CAIRO CONCERTO
Intrigue, with a psychological twist, in corrupt, wartime Cairo.

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THE MOUNTAIN LION, a new novel by Jean Stafford, author of BOSTON ADVENTURE, will be published on March 1st.

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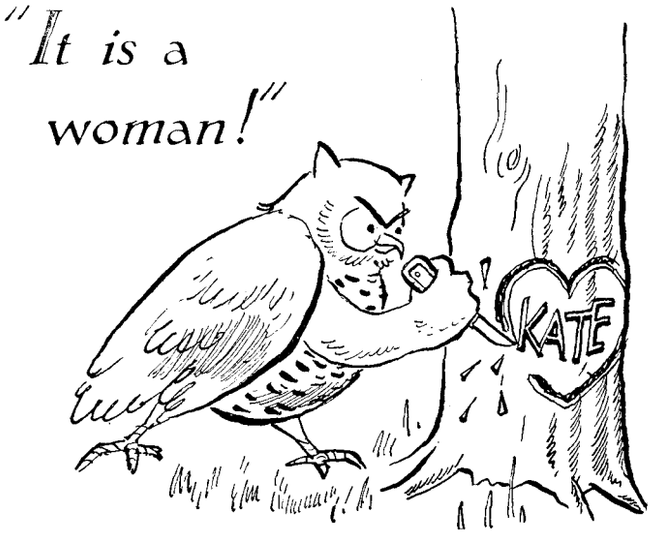

"YOU have given my ship its last cargo, ma petite. The most priceless one in the world. Disinterested love. You have filled the hold with it. And now the ship is ready to lift anchor."

Pierre, who said the words, was a frail man who had once sailed the seven seas and learned the satisfaction of spending one's money, one's time, one's self. That was to live. But now Pierre sat on the cliff on the hospital grounds in Trembois, Canada, watching the St. Lawrence and masterfully carving a lovely little ship, its wooden sails so fragile the sun shone through them. Pierre knew he was dying—his body was as frail as his little Spanish galleon, and as gallant. But Kate, aged eleven, did not realize it.

Perhaps I should explain who Kate was. I met her when she was eight, by far the youngest little girl at the convent du Sacré-Coeur, and what the Reverend Mother called "an exception". For Kate—not Catherine, just Kate—was a Protestant. Her English father was dead; her English mother was companion to Mme. de Bernière, a graduate of Le Couvent and its loyal benefactress. That was how Kate happened to come there.

She did not meet Pierre, though, until three years later. These intervening years, during which her mother seemed to go farther and farther away, were filled with adjustments—not only for Kate, who remembered things like her mother's Valentine bouquet which had a watch in the shape of a heart in it—but adjustments, too, for many of the sober sisters and for the Reverend Mother as well. There was the time Kate looked through an old book about saints. All painted in black and white they were, except one very special one with a blue face. To quiet the child, Sister Grunella said yes it must be because the saint was specially good. When Kate asked if Sister Grunella would have a blue face when *she* was a saint, Sister said that was irreverent talk. Nevertheless, Kate borrowed some bluing from Sister Mary Agnes in the laundry and poured it into Sister Grunella's pitcher. It was a perfect idea. Sister Grunella always washed and dressed without a light in the early morning, and her saintly face would be a wonderful dark blue before she knew it. She would believe a special miracle made her a saint overnight. But, as Kate wrote, "it didn't turn out that way".

Then Kate met the man she called mon Pierre, who carved the galleon, sympathized with her desire for an autograph album—her ambition spirituelle—applauded her love of TREASURE ISLAND, and quietly lifted anchor. He left Kate a lovely red kerchief, the little ship, a note saying "Bon Voyage, ma petite", and a deeper understanding of human nature than she realized.

One of Kate's great disappointments was her mother's inability to get back for Christmas after four years' separation. Instead, arrangements were made for Kate to visit her Cousin Ben in Ottawa, and Kate was frightened of someone and someplace that was unknown. But Cousin Ben, who called her Princess all the time, and extravagantly admired her red hair that never would stay, ladylike, in braids, turned out to be handsome, charming, and altogether satisfactory. So was his idea of Christmas presents, one for every letter in the alphabet. Of course, "A" was doubly right—an Autograph Album. It was red satin, with a red velvet heart on the cover, and Cousin Ben had taken it to his club on New Year's Eve to get the Governor General, and Mr. Mansfield and Mrs. Marlowe and some others to sign. Back at the convent, with a wonderful holiday behind her, Kate asked the Reverend Mother to request the Bishop's autograph when next he came. Of course, Kate's dearest wish was to get one from the Prince of Wales, but the Bishop was very eminent, and much nearer. Kate did not entirely understand the Reverend Mother's bewildered anger, until it was explained that some of the names already in were of dead and blasphemous people—Voltaire, Madame de Maintenon, Rousseau, and Martin Luther.

Best of all about Kate was her staunch individualism, her honest, sturdy character. She did things which seemed dreadful—like "borrowing" the dress which the Infant Jesus wore annually in the Christmas crèche so that a little baby could wear it for baptism—and yet she did them for a truly good and defensible reason. The dress affair, in fact, worried her so much she went to confession to ease her soul, thereby upsetting the Reverend Mother's Catholic principles. But Kate, as usual, could quote the Scripture by which she had acted. And the wise Reverend Mother could only smile and exact a promise to cover that particular eventuality. About Kate, there are so many stories to tell. As Pierre once said, with his sudden knowing smile, "It is a woman! It is a woman!"

Kate, I am sure, did indeed grow to be quite a woman. I know nothing about her after she was about fifteen, and for a very simple reason. That happens to be where Margaret Hard's tender, fresh and shining novel THIS IS KATE ends.

This Is Kate

By MARGARET HARD

$2.50

Fourth printing

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Age of the Jackpot

EDWIN SEAVER

At last the Dodo said, "*Everybody* has won and *all* must have prizes."
"Alice in Wonderland."

ANYONE who cares about the fate of American letters must view the current situation with some concern and even with alarm. We are still drawing on the literary capital bequeathed us by the nineteen-twenties. Sinclair Lewis and Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos and William Faulkner—with the exception of John Steinbeck and James Farrell, who emerged in the thirties, almost every important writer among us today dates from the decade that gave us practically everything we have in the way of a modern American literature. And even Steinbeck and Farrell look back to the twenties rather than ahead to the forties. Meanwhile our literary capital is running out; the middle generation of writers (we have no older generation) are repeating themselves. Unless we can find some new sources of income we shall be bankrupt.

Of course there are reasons for the present hiatus. The war had a crippling effect on writers, not merely in draining off the young men and women into the armed services, but in reducing the art of writing itself to a utilitarian role. And even the war only put the finishing touches to the creeping paralysis that had set in with the betrayal of the Spanish people and the crime at Munich, following closely on the heels of economic catastrophe at home. To cap it all, certain of our leading literary spokesmen, sincere no doubt in their endeavor to serve what they considered the best interests of the nation in a time of crisis, launched an attack on our foremost writers for their "irresponsibility"—irresponsibility not to truth but to the war spirit. The young, weaned away from their corrupters by mentors Van Wyck Brooks and Archibald MacLeish, could then be free to cut their teeth on slogans. For the past ten years, in short, everything has conspired to kill the creative spirit in American letters.

Nevertheless, it takes more than international hypocrisy and mass murder, more than war and catastrophe, more even than nice-Nellyism in the name of patriotism to obliterate that spirit. Annihilated in one sector, it springs up in another. Like those flowers that appeared in London for the first time in many generations as a consequence of the bombings, we can expect to find new and important writers emerging from the ruins. A number of them have already made their appearance in the three issues of "Cross Section" published to date, and others with first books of their own. It is useless to list names; most of these authors are still unknown to the general public and all of them have yet to fulfill the promise of their early work. The real problem is not one of emergence but survival, not shall we have new writers but can they grow up healthy and strong in our literary climate.

In the spring the trees of New York's expensive Fifth Avenue look quite pretty; they seem young and fresh and green with infinite promise. But by midsummer they look woefully frustrated and tired. Something has gone out of them; their hopes are spent just when they should be in fullest flower. I am not the first to note how many American writers seem to stop growing—and, in fact, have stopped growing—just when they reach the age of ripeness, when one would expect them to give freely out of the riches of their experience. Has Hemingway, for instance, suffered any sea change since "The Sun Also Rises" and "Farewell to Arms"? Has Steinbeck grown since "The Grapes of Wrath," or Farrell enlarged his horizon since "Studs Lonigan," or Sinclair Lewis gone beyond "Main Street" and "Babbitt"?

BUT perhaps our new young writers will fare better? Perhaps, for genius is always unpredictable. But genius or no, the odds are heavily against them. It does no good to look back to the twenties and point to the literary renaissance that occurred in that decade—a renaissance, incidentally, that was already well under way before the decade had begun. Post-World War II America is quite a different affair.

The boom decade was a healthy one for American writers; or, to be more precise, our writers were healthily in revolt against it, or aware of its emptiness and the betrayal of the war's promises. It is true the decade was to end not with a bang but a whimper, but that, too, was foreseen in the beginning. The rebellion against the genteel tradition was in full swing, a fresh, strong wind was blowing through our literature, and new poets, new novelists, new story writers, new dramatists carried the day. Magazines like *The Dial* and *The Little Review* brought us the new writers from Europe and joined with numerous "little" magazines in discovering new writers at home. (Today our little magazines belong to the universities and spend their pages revaluating the past.) New publishing houses sprang up that recognized a list of important writers to

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be of more worth than a scattering of fly-by-night best sellers. (Looking at some of our publishers' current advertisements, one gets the impression that they found their list in a grab bag.) The motion picture industry had not yet invaded the literary market place in force, and radio was still in its infancy. In those days when a writer wanted to sell his soul he went into advertising, but even then he still thought of a book as something special, something done for posterity rather than for prosperity.

TODAY our writers—too many of them—approach their books not as literature but as possible deals, while increasingly agents, editors, publishers, critics, and public revere the sale more than the word. Recently I heard tell of a contemporary of mine who had written a novel with the not unreasonable expectation that it would pay his expenses. Of course, his expenses were rather more than ordinary —our Grub Street is a very de luxe affair—but then the novel he was writing was supposed to be extraordinary, too. My contemporary had it all figured out in terms of what we might call a trinity of inevitables. The way he reckoned it there were certain elements in any story that inevitably appealed to the popular magazines, certain other qualities that were just as inevitably sure fire for the book clubs, and still other things that were definitely Hollywood material. By using all three approaches in his novel our author felt certain he would succeed; his book was practically in the best-seller bag. But alas! the best laid plans of mice and men etc. The novel was a flop—and on all three counts.

Now the moral of this is not that my contemporary's expectations were bigger than his abilities. Actually, he is a very competent and successful writer, and the royalties on others of his books have been pretty prodigious. No, the moral, it seems to me, is that our literary climate is not a very healthy one for writers. That the novel in question failed to make a killing might have been a matter of chance; there have been worse books that met with better luck. The point is that our author found it quite normal to think of his novel as a package rather than as a book, to think of success or failure purely in terms of money.

His attitude was by no means unique; it was merely symptomatic of a general state of mind, and it is this state of mind that constitutes the greatest menace to new American writing today. As long as a young author is working on his first stories or his first novel he is comparatively safe; he is still thinking of the word, of what he has to say and how he shall say it. If his first book fails to meet with popular approval the area of safety may be extended to his second. But once he is successful he is dragged into the vortex of the literary market place. In a milieu where nothing succeeds like success and dollars talk louder than words, with no authoritative criticism to guide him and no standards to serve as disciplines, he is a most unusual man who does not succumb to the lure of the big money.

I have said that as long as a young author is working on his first novel he is comparatively safe. But only comparatively. The virus of success has penetrated so deeply that today we find even the fledglings writing with an eye to the main chance, grooming their first books for the market. Hollywood, once content with buying the finished product and the talent of its author, has now moved in on the ground floor and is working with authors and publishers to shape the product from its inception. It is not impossible that the book clubs will follow suit; in fact, it is obvious that some books have already been tailored for book club use.

There is another factor, purely economic, working against the young writer, and that is the increasing cost of production. The publisher has to find new writers to replenish his list, but with costs soaring he is less likely to take a chance on books whose sales possibilities are dubious. But the first books of most of our best writers have been notably poor sellers. Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner—to name only three authors—would never have had their first books published at all if costs were a prime consideration. But costs are becoming this, increasingly, and the new writer will feel their bite. Not so much the mediocre, the meretricious, the false, and the phony—our age is geared for the likes of them—but the young men and women of rare and distinctive talent.

A specter is haunting our literature, the specter of commercialism. Perhaps specter is the wrong word. A dybbuk, rather, that has taken possession of the body of our literature and speaks to us with the voice of commerce where the voice of Dionysius should be heard. A book is produced. The publisher—or at least his editor—knows it is small potatoes as literature. The book reviewers know it. Even the author knows it. But does that make any difference? Of course not; after all, a book is a book. Out it goes to the public to the tune of hundreds of thousands of copies with enough ballyhoo and advertising behind it to announce the coming of a second Shakespeare. There is no critical voice in the land with enough authority to stem the tide. On the contrary, our book reviewers, for the most part, are content to coast along with it, so much so that it is often hard to tell the difference between the full-page ad and the full-page review.

OURS is the age of the jackpot, and anything goes. What shall the young writer do then? If he wants to get into the literary racket he can be certain that no country in the world offers its writers such rich emoluments for so little work and so little profit to its culture. But if literature to him is an art and writing a sacred burden, if he must write because—God help him!—that is all he is good for, then he will set his course resolutely against the tide. He will live and write in contempt of the jackpot. That is the only choice open to him, unless he is content to be one of that company I have characterized elsewhere as the cake-and-penny writers who want their compromise and their integrity, too. But these, much more than the well-paid hacks, are the real despoilers of literature.

Sonnet in a Shadow-Whisper

By Mary Buirgy

THE sunlight comes upon the leaves and quakes
into a thousand shivered bits of gold.
And so a heart that, waiting, hoping, breaks
into a thousand words that must be told.
No pattern fits the wavering bits of light.
The storm but changes where they fade and show.
And all that happens with the fall of night
is that the pattern dims for those below.
But when the sun returns to grace the sky,
And when the song returns to touch the heart—
then leaves repeat their quiet shadow-sigh,
and people know that every tune must start
a newer wondering, a newer prayer;
for light must show a newer dream, somewhere.

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New Novelists of 1946

ALICE P. HACKETT

READERS, critics, publishers, motion picture companies, magazines, and agents are looking for new writers; they are perhaps looking too hard. They might do better in the long run if they relaxed a bit and let the beginning writers, especially those who have come back from war service, of whom the literary world has the keenest expectations, have a little more time in which to do their writing and thinking before rushing them into print.

Writing fellowships, prize contests, the lure of big Hollywood and book club money are all designed to attract good new writers and very often succeed. There was a profusion of first novels published during the past year but scarcely a new Hemingway or Wolfe among them, not even a Saroyan. The great novel of World War I, "All Quiet on the Western Front," was not published until eleven years after the close of the war. So let us be patient. Great new writers have been born, with more or less frequency, through the centuries. Literary fellowships, to encourage new writers and help them financially until their work reaches subsistence level, are fine. They have produced good writers and will continue to do so. If neither the writers themselves nor the numerous companies who employ the writers' products were quite so eager, this straining tension, the chief evil of which is that it is not conducive to good writing, might be eased.

In spite of this disturbing thought about the intensive search for first novelists, there were some interesting finds of the year. The first novels of 1946 may be roughly classified in four groups: war novels and novels about returning home after the war by writers who have been in the armed services; novels about racial and religious problems; historical romances, and miscellaneous. Those which have attained the greatest measure of success, both critical and commercial, stand out from these four groups.

Greatest critical esteem for the first novel of the year undoubtedly went to "Mister Roberts." Its author, Thomas Heggen, twenty-seven-year-old Navy lieutenant, writes about what he knows well, life aboard a Navy vessel, in this case the *U.S.S. Reluctant*, ploughing out the war in the dull reaches of the distant Pacific, far from any action. Calling it a "little classic," *The New York Times* also reminded readers that "war-writing has arrived at a debunking phase." "Some of the truest and funniest writing you are ever likely to see about the wartime Navy of the greatest sea power in history," said the *Herald Tribune*. It is gratifying to know that "Mister Roberts" is selling very well too, still on the upgrade though it has been out several months. Word-of-mouth as well as critics' recommendations are promoting it.

First novelists are usually not very much given to humor, so it is most interesting and refreshing to find both the humorous aspects of Mr. Heggen's book and the outright hilarity in Pat Frank's "Mr. Adam." While "Mister Roberts" represents 1946 new war-writing at its best, "Mr. Adam" may be considered of the post-war world. Its plot is well known and it is to be the basis of a Broadway play soon to be produced.

Best known of the novels on the theme of racial intolerance is "The Street," by Ann Petry, of whom Bucklin Moon said in *The New Republic*, "the most exciting new Negro writer of the last decade." But *The Christian Science Monitor's* comment was, "One wonders why a Negro would send forth such a book." The story of one street in Harlem, it was written on a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship.

There were three best sellers among the historical novels of the year by new writers. One of these three is also a new Negro writer, Frank Yerby, a former student at Fisk University and winner of an O. Henry Memorial Award for a short story. The publisher of his "The Foxes of Harrow," the Dial Press, has done a very fine thing, I believe, in never mentioning in its advertising or publicity that the author is a Negro. His work has been promoted just as any historical novel might be. Whether the publicized fact that the author is not a white man would have added to or detracted from its sales is an interesting question. Booksellers in the South, where the book has been popular, tell me that their customers probably do not know the author is a Negro. Anyway "The Foxes of Harrow" has sold over one million copies, including distribution by three different book clubs. The author will have a new story of the old South ready this spring.

"Before the Sun Goes Down," the first published novel of Elizabeth Metzger Howard, was a best seller

Thomas Heggen—"greatest critical esteem."

Pat Frank—"outright hilarity."

Frank Yerby—"sold one million copies."

Edward McSorley—"'a creative work'."

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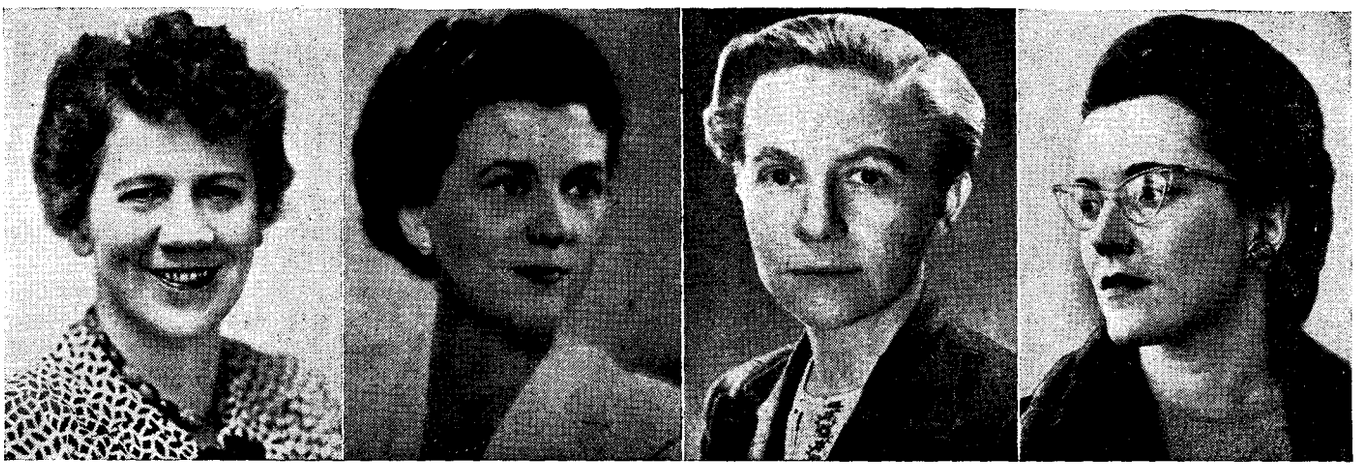

Elizabeth Metzger Howard | Marian Castle | Jo Sinclair | Helen Eustis

and the winner of both the Doubleday Prize Novel Award of $20,000 and the MGM Annual Award of $125,000, hence destined for movie production. It is a kaleidoscopic novel of a small Pennsylvania town in the 1880's and stresses the theme of tolerance. "Deborah," a three-generation novel of the West, by Marian Castle, lived up to the expectations of its publisher, who gave it the largest advertising appropriations the firm had ever given a first novel. It was serialized in *Woman's Home Companion* before publication.

The "miscellaneous" group of first novels often offers the rarest buried treasure, for here are the novels written from their authors' innermost thoughts and experiences. They may turn out to be one-book authors, according to the truism that there is a book in every person's life; they may be capable craftsmen who will continue to turn out a new book every year or so; or they may be the rare combination of talent, craftsmanship, and possessors of something to write about. Best candidate in this group is, to my way of thinking, Jo Sinclair, whose "Wasteland" was the Harper Prize Novel of 1946. It is rich in emotion as it delves into the psychology of a man, a Jew, who is ashamed of his background and wants to do something about his complex through psychiatric treatments.

Two unusual and disparate first novels of the year that were talked about and received good reviews were "Our Own Kind," by Edward McSorley, and "Nightmare Alley," by William Lindsay Gresham. "Our Own Kind" was laid in Providence, R. I., the story of an untutored Irishman whose aim in life was to see that his grandson got an education. "Truly a creative work of fiction," said Orville Prescott in *The Times; The Saturday Review* called it a "good successful minor work." "Nightmare Alley" is a novel of terror and trickery, with a carnival show background, telling of a man who employs the most evil means to gain power.

One of the high-ranking best sellers of the past year was "The Miracle of the Bells," a good proof of the theory that advertising and publicity can put over a book. Long before publication the publisher started promotion and continued with a big advertising campaign. This is the only novel, incidentally, to make the list of ten top sellers of 1946 which was not distributed by any book club. Good will toward one's fellow men instead of intolerance is the theme of this naively-written novel upon which the general verdict is corn, but good corn. Its dramatic scenes will undoubtedly make an enormously successful movie. The author, Russell Janney, has been a press agent and theatrical producer, co-author and producer of the musical, "The Vagabond King," and has written short stories and lyrics for songs.

A successfully sold first novel of romantic adventure in the South Seas was "Wake of the Red Witch," by Garland Roark. Outstanding murder story of the year by a new writer was Helen Eustis's "The Horizontal Man," a psychological mystery with the setting of a women's college.

RULED out of this survey of 1946 first novelists are a number of authors established in other writing fields, such as Harnett Kane, author of "New Orleans Woman," Eudora Welty, author of "Delta Wedding," Robert Sylvester, who wrote "Dream Street," and Eric Hodgins of "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House." Also omitted are first short story collections, Westerns, and stock romances or detective stories. Other omissions are involuntary.

I have been able to find sixteen first novels by or about people formerly or now in the armed forces or in war work of various kinds. Stephen Bagnall's "The Crater's Edge" has a religious theme. "Wine for My Brothers" mirrors Robert Higgenbotham's service in the U. S. Merchant Marine. The scene of "The Aluminum Heart," by Royall Smith, is California during war boom days in an airplane factory. "In Line of Duty," by Francis P. Scannell, is the story of seven men sent out on patrol on a Pacific island, who, one by one, lose their lives. James Nablo Benson, author of "The Long November," served for three years as a pilot in the RCAF. "Send Them Summer," by Hansford Martin, is about a young air cadet in an Oklahoma camp who gets in with the wrong sort of people on his week-end leaves. A young South African pilot, Leslie Kark, wrote "Red Rain," a "Bridge of San Luis Rey" of the air. Seven men are in a bomber over Munich, only one escapes death. The author of "I've Got Mine," story of a mission on a Jap-held Pacific island, Richard G. Hubler, was a captain in the Marine Corps. From England came "Never So Young Again, by Dan Brennan, novel of a young flier's experiences. In "The Liberators," by Wesley Towner, a young sergeant tries to achieve democratic government for a small German town. Robert Lowry, who was a G.I. for over three years, had previously had some short pieces published by private presses. His "Casualty," a grim story with a strong impact, about the men of an Army photo reconnaissance wing, is of novelette length. Basil Heatter, son of the radio commentator Gabriel Heatter, who spent five years in the Navy, wrote a frank, unsentimental story of a Navy PT skipper recuperating in Australia, to whom going back to the fighting is a problem. The title is "The Dim View." "All Thy Conquests" is a story of the American Army of Occupation in Italy, by Alfred Hayes. "End Over End" was written by Nelson Gidding in a prison

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camp in Italy and smuggled out on scraps of paper. Jack Aistrop was the winner of the British Tom Gallon Award with his "Backstage with Joe," a brief novel of what happens to the "little" people, soldiers and civilians, in wartime. The climax of "Spearhead," by Martin Abzug, is reached during the Battle of the Bulge. A novel, not about the war, but by a man who fought on Bataan and Corregidor and died in a Japanese prison camp, Morrison Wood, was "The Devil Is a Lonely Man."

Another group of first novels is concerned with typically American problems. The Negro in the white world is the chief character in "Trumpet to the World," by Mark Harris, "Quality," by Cyd Ricketts Sumner, and "Send Me an Angel," by Alice Nisbet. In "Cross on the Moon," John Hewlett tells of a boy's growing up in a Southern town where intolerance and religious hysteria are prevalent. Religious troubles as well as those of sex predominate in a story of Florida crackers, "Blood of the Lamb," by Charles H. Baker, Jr. American fascism, represented by Patriots United, turns the plot in "Shadow Over the Land," by Charles Dwoskin. The winner of the Dodd, Mead Intercollegiate Prize Novel Contest of 1946 was Karon Kehoe. She was at one time on the staff of a relocation center and writes with vehemence on the injustices meted out to Japanese-Americans in a relocation barracks during the war in "City in the Sun."

A best seller among the historical novels of the year by hitherto unknown writers was "The Border Lord," by Jan Westcott, both martial and boudoir adventure in the days of the Stuarts. A highly-colored romance of the Oklahoma Territory was Noel Houston's "The Great Promise." "Forever Possess," by Alexandra Phillips, was a good picture of a little-known aspect of American history, the feudal society of the Hudson River Valley in the early seventeenth century. Helen Hinckley gleaned her material for "The Mountains Are Mine," novel of Mormon settlers in Utah, from her family reminiscences and her historical studies at Brigham Young University. "Charioteer," by Gertrude Eberle, is a Biblical novel of the time of Joseph.

There are many remaining first novels of 1946 for brief mention. "The Unreasoning Heart," by Constance Beresford-Howe, was an Intercollegiate Fellowship Award novel and "Clementine," by Peggy Goodin, was the first humorous novel to win the Avery Hopwood Fiction Award. "Sebastian," by Flora Armytage, and "The Restless," by Jean Boley, both had Latin-American settings. *The Chicago Sun* hailed "Miss Ranskill Comes Home," by Barbara Bower, as "a small treasure." Notable for their backgrounds were "Call the Next Witness," novel of India, by Philip Woodruff; "She Shall Have Music," by Raya Keen, life in the ballet;

"Keller's Continental Revue," events with the performers in a traveling circus, by Winifred Bambrick; "The Golden Egg," by James S. Pollak, Hollywood from the inside, and "The Dazzling Crystal," by Janet Schane, the publishing scene.

Out of the ordinary run of fiction were Mervyn Peake's Gothic novel, "Titus Groan"; a story of life in an old people's home, "The Yellow Leaf," by Mort Friedlander; and "The Spear in the Sand," by Raoul C. Faure, story of a castaway who prefers the solitude and flora and fauna of his uninhabited island to so-called civilization.

Recognized with generally good reviews were: "Wild Calendar," by Libbie Block; "Buried Stream," by Ernest Brace; "Vandameer's Road," by John R. Humphreys; "The Single Pilgrim," by Mary Roland; "She Ate Her Cake," by Blair Treynor; "The Country of the Young," by Catherine Lindsay, and "The Gifts of Love," by Andrina Iverson.

Other first novels of the year: "Please Send Me, Absolutely Free," by Arkady Leokum; "Hollow Triumph," by Murray Forbes; "Mandrake Root," by Janet Diebold; "The Dewy Dewy Eyes," by Babette Rosmond; "Presently Tomorrow," by Joyce Marshall; "The Crow on the Spruce," by Chenoweth Hall; "Frog Face," by H. W. Stokes; "Desert Town," by Ramona Stewart; "The Sound of Years," by Merriam Modell; "Williwaw," by Gore Vidal; "Women, Inc.," by Jane Kesner Morris; "John Fury," by Jack Dunphy, and "The Wall Between," by Elsie Oakes Barber.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

POLITICIANS IN LITERATURE

The characters in this week's quiz had notable political careers. Do you remember them? Allowing five points for naming the story, five points for the author, and a bonus of three if you can also name the character, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 47.

1. As leader of the Blues, this parliamentary candidate was supported by Mr. Pott, editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette.*
2. This public-spirited lawyer became a political boss and a friend of the working man and was eventually elected governor of New York.
3. Half mortal and half fairy, he went into Parliament, led both houses, and introduced a bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination.
4. The efforts of this sheriff to suppress a reprieve for a man scheduled to hang the next morning were foiled by the *Chicago Examiner.*
5. On a platform of "love" this candidate swept the country and was simultaneously married and sworn in as President by the Chief Justice.
6. By double-crossing the poor people who launched him on his political career, this peddler of pins and potions eventually became governor of the Magnolia State.
7. With the aid of uniformed "marching clubs" organized during his campaign, this spell-binding Senator established a dictatorship on the day he was inaugurated as President of the United States.
8. Because they feared that this successful general would become a dictator with the approval of the populace, a group of conspirators stabbed him to death.
9. He was head of the political faction which advocated the wearing of low heels instead of high heels and breaking eggs at the little end instead of the big end.
10. He was the only survivor of a group of politicians who, when snowbound in a railway coach, followed parliamentary procedure in selecting members of their group to be eaten by the remainder.

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John Steinbeck Does It Again

THE WAYWARD BUS. By John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 312 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IN the new novel we have all been waiting for John Steinbeck has abandoned the familiar, odorous waterfront of Monterey with its cannery row. Gone are the doctor and the docks, the warm-hearted girls who were all whores, and the drunks and the bums who were all more delightfully human than any man could possibly be who has money in his pockets and a balance in the bank.

The setting for "The Wayward Bus" is a neat and shining little lunch room, garage, and gas station set down under a clump of lofty trees forty-two miles below San Ysidro, where the highway meets a lesser road that rambles for forty-nine miles across the farms or mountainous landscape to meet the great coastal thoroughfare. From the beginning Steinbeck creates the illusion of complete reality. The little establishment of Juan Chicoy and his wife stands four-square and solid, the battered old bus he shuttles from one highway to the other is real, the landscape is the good earth itself, the drenching rain is wet. Mr. Steinbeck had expected to have the book ready for publication many months ago, for the scene and the nine characters who play their parts have lived in his mind for several years, and have, according to Lewis Gannett, excited and stirred him as they developed.

What he has attempted and has accomplished is to present the natural man, *homo simplicimus,* and to a lesser extent the natural woman, in glaring contrast to the artificial and glazed products of middle-class civilization. This theme has fascinated writers since Rousseau and a hundred devices have been used to illustrate it: the single man or whole families cast away on desert islands, the enthronement of the noble savage, the love battle between primitive man (*homo erectus*) and sensitive, cultured woman; what else, indeed, is Tarzan but a crude attempt to glorify the vestigial animal in man, for the more extravagantly complicated civilization becomes the more we will yearn for the man creature that nature designed to walk erect and dangerous over the earth. Not that Juan Chicoy, half Irishman, half Mexican, is by any means an animal, or dangerous, except to women. He is the free man, the man who cannot be held in bonds of any sort, the man who will at any moment leave a woman who loves him too jealously, or an enterprise in which after toil and frugality he has succeeded, who will walk away with only the clothes on his back, to begin again anywhere else. The natural man and the free man have been constant in Steinbeck's work, from the abysmal brute in "Of Mice and Men," to the simple and gentle heart and mind of the peasants in "Tortilla Flat," who are as incapable of understanding what civilization is doing to them as the ape riding a bicycle in a vaudeville show.

If it has sometimes seemed possible to satirize John Steinbeck for sentimentalizing the underdog, though never so grossly or ludicrously as Saroyan, there is no trace of this weakness in "The Wayward Bus." Juan is all man, sturdy, passionate, capable, a fine mechanic, loving and understanding people, as magnetic to women as nectar to a bee. His wife knows his virtues, but the tension under which she lives with the knowledge that she may some day lose him is a rasp to her temper and often when he is away she has to drink herself into a stupor.

Two very human underdogs live with them, an anemic, homely girl—madly in love with a picture of Clark Gable—who looks after the customers in the lunch room, and a youthful mechanic called Pimples to whom adolescence had given itching sensuality and the mottled and pustulate mask of a bad case of acne. Four customers arrive and wait through a rain storm for Juan to drive them in the old bus to the western highway. One of them is an honest girl so luxuriantly seductive that her days are cursed by every man she meets, so that it is impossible for her to hold a job or to find a man who would not prefer to rape her than to marry her. She earns her living by offering her naked body at stag parties to the stares of respectable business men, ending her act by sitting in and rising from an enormous glass filled with red wine. You can make what you want of the ancient role in society of this depressed bacchante, for Mr. Steinbeck likes to play with symbols. There is a second honest girl, healthy and unfulfilled, who sometimes hopefully dreams that her parents have suddenly died. The wealthy Prichards, with their daughter, are on their way to Mexico so that when they get back

THE AUTHOR: "Please feel free to make up your own facts about me as you need them," John Steinbeck once wrote to inquirers in quest of biographical data. "I can't remember how much of me really happened and how much I invented . . . biography by its very nature must be half-fiction." He was born on February 27, 1902, in Salinas, Monterey County, California. His mother was a schoolteacher, his father a county official. In the most primary of his memories he was fascinated by words and people, and while very young fell prey to the urge to employ the former to describe the latter. He wrote for his high-school paper, was president of his class (1919), and performed on the basketball and track teams. Intermittently from 1919 to 1925 he attended Stanford University, taking what courses pleased him and leaving without a degree. He sailed to New York on a freight boat, worked in Manhattan as a reporter and bricklayer, and returned to California to devote himself entirely to writing. For a while he lived in the Sierras; for a while he was so poor he could not afford a dog. The total sales of his first three books—"Cup of Gold," "The Pastures of Heaven," "To a God Unknown"—were less than 3,000 copies. In 1935 "Tortilla Flat" brought him success; in 1937 "Of Mice and Men" gave him fame. Since then have appeared "The Red Pony" (1937), "The Long Valley" (1938), "The Grapes of Wrath" (1939), "The Forgotten Village" (1941), "The Moon Is Down" (1942), "Bombs Away" (1942), and "Cannery Row" (1945). In 1945 appeared "The Portable Steinbeck." During 1943 he was a war correspondent in Europe for the *New York Herald Tribune.* He has been and continues to be a writer in the pure sense of the word. He is his own most severe critic; he never expected great success and is suspicious of it; he is afraid of losing the anonymity which he considers necessary for the practice of his craft; he is surprised that critics do not see the symbology which frequently he erects for the framework of his tales. He has written a great deal more than he has published; he continues to seek new patterns and new approaches; "The Wayward Bus" is his first full-length novel in eight years.

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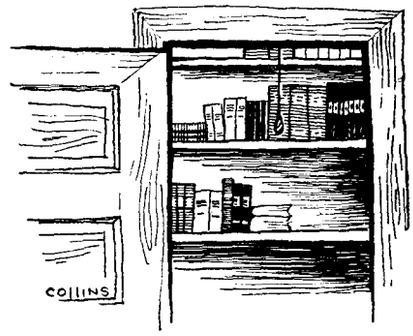
home they can boast of their little adventures. The N.A.M. should sue the author for this portrait of an American manufacturer and the Association of Women's Clubs must protest the description of his wife in the sacred name of the American woman and of motherhood. A more poisonous and mean couple have rarely been achieved in fiction. Mr. Prichard is dirty-minded, boastful, dishonest, and hag-ridden by his wife; she has remained an aging little girl who has doubtless by immaculate conception produced a child, and who brings her family to heel by imaginary illnesses. The fourth paying customer is a sprightly little man who sells tricks, gadgets, and mildly obscene devices to amuse people with a perverse sense of humor. Perhaps he represents the pixies and malign sprites of ancient folklore among this collection of straight, twisted, or thwarted human beings.

And so eight of them wait through a rainstorm that is like a cloudburst for the bus to start. Mrs. Chicoy has to stay to look after the business, and Juan knows well that her nerves are on edge because he has been eyeing the Prichard's daughter and knows too that she will be blind drunk when he gets back home. At the end of the journey a bridge is down so Juan recklessly takes the lumbering bus over an unused and dangerous road into the mountains. Why Juan does not abandon everyone and walk straight down into Mexico, why Mrs. Prichard tears at her baby face with bloody nails, how her daughter finds that she loves the way a free and natural man makes love, and how Mr. Prichard gets what is coming to him from the girl he had once seen naked, her thighs dripping with wine like purple blood, all of this must be left for the reader to discover.

"The Wayward Bus" cannot be



coupled with any of Mr. Steinbeck's previous novels. It has not the tenderness of "The Pastures of Heaven" and "Tortilla Flat," or the fierce brutality in "Of Mice and Men," and it is not a novel of bitter social strife like "In Dubious Battle" and "The Grapes of Wrath." But every page of it carries the unmistakable seal and signature of John Steinbeck's mind and style. Nor can one say that it is better or worse than this book or that book of his. It stands by itself, the work of a writer as distinctively American as Mark Twain, who has developed in power and dramatic talent for almost twenty years, and who is deeply concerned with the second greatest problem of our day, how to preserve the essential simple virtues of human beings from the catastrophe that mechanized civilization is bringing upon all of us.

Nightmarish Fairy Tale

CHILDREN OF VIENNA. By Robert Neumann. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 223 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

THE ancient Greek dramatists wrote their tragedies with the purpose of evoking in their audience *eleos kai fogos*, compassion and dread. Robert Neumann, distinguished ex-Austrian author turned into an English writer during his long London exile, seems to have set himself the same goal in writing "Children of Vienna," a book "with fictitious characters, in a fictitious setting" called Vienna "but which could be anywhere east of the Meridian of Despair."

In order to achieve his end, Mr. Neumann, a real virtuoso of the writing craft, master of every finesse of literary magic, chose the form of a nightmarish fairy tale with superrealistic features. He leads the reader into the cellar of a demolished Viennese house in the winter of 1945-46, and there confronts him with a motley crew of displaced children,—savage products of an education provided by concentration camps, Nazi youth organizations, war horrors, hunger, life on high roads, etc. There is Yid, the leader of the group, occupying the best room of the "apartment," a lavatory "with pull-water, the King of America hasn't got a better one." Yid is thirteen, his height is that of a boy of ten, his eyes are the eyes of a man of fifty-five. Then there is Curls, "seven years old, or nine, or six," a chain smoker and very clever at playing "funeral." And Goy who would grow on bread crusts, on potato peels, even on grass. And Ate with straw-colored pigtails, tidy looks, desires for things that don't exist—as, for instance, love—and a heart as cold as a gas bill. And Eve, fifteen, an experienced prostitute dreaming of the day when she might begin life as a virgin. They are living together, braving dangers together, caring for one another out of loyalty and, or, for cash.

Small wonder that the Reverend Hoseah Smith, chaplain of a Negro unit, U. S. Army, dropping into the cellar and trying to spread the word of God among its inhabitants, does not quite succeed in his endeavor. However, he is richly recompensed for his failure by the discovery of a hidden treasure—the treasure of deeper Love and truer Faith (as it should be in a fairy tale).

Everything rings true in a fairy tale, even the story of a rather hard-boiled displaced boy from Eastern Europe knowing the Atlantic Charter by heart and reciting it as a "poem"; everything rings true, provided the fairy-tale teller waves the right kind of magic wand to enchant his listeners. Robert Neumann wields it. And he who doubts it, has to pay fifty-five smokes.

Nocturne

By Hassoldt Davis

THESE are the brothels, these hearts
which now squint through the shutters
on narrowing streets leading nowhere to war.

These are to salve us, and grace and absolve us
of what hurt we've done to a world which is young
and still comely, a world where we've bred
the good seed, mated bricks—rendered war
out of peace, turned the needs of our mills
to the gnashing of teeth which shall gobble us.

Have we a brothel's hard penny to spend
for an instant of peace in it? Have we a sou,
or a yen, or a pfennig, to treat our worn kinsmen
to peace, in this prostitute war?

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1947's Early Crop of First Novels

Florida Kaleidoscope

THE VARMINTS. By Peggy Bennett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 287 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKEN

IT is very difficult to believe that this unique little book, this sensitive, startling little job of character building did, in fact, come from so young a mind. But the story is there, on the dust-jacket, and if I shake my head until it loosens, Miss Bennett will still be only twenty-one and her book still one of the most original, carefully-worked, promising pieces of writing that I have seen in over a year. And if I shake my head until it drops off and rolls away, my head will carry with it several impressions of a certain family in Florida (Miss Bennett's very own kind of story).

"The Varmints" reveals the story of Ethel, Mutt, and Hilliard, of their looney father, and the mother they lose, and the Old Man and Old Woman, their grandparents, with whom they go to live. The story of a small town in Florida, a strange story of growing-up in a strange town. Miss Bennett's finest exploration centers on a small group; but she explores so carefully, explains and exclaims her story away, embraces her characters and the universe so warmly, sympathetically, that we are left with the sensation of having held, momentarily, to our eye a wonderful kaleidoscope.

She has an affinity and a very special talent for abstraction, and this, perhaps, is responsible for the only glaring defect (is it a defect?) in her work. Her characters are there, all right, strong, unquestionably living; yet, somehow, they emerge sometimes more as abstractions than as flesh and blood. Is this possible? Perhaps I cannot quite put my finger on it, but I would say that it *is* possible, that we can get a very strong abstraction of a character and think that we know him and yet feel, all along, that we know him psychically only, not physically—that we are getting his emotional vibrations and yet cannot quite reach out and touch him. For this reason, I think, Miss Bennett's method has done a more effective job with the most sensitive characters, people like Ethel and Hilliard. Ethel, for example, is before us with every nerve exposed, every reaction clear; Hilliard too. And similarly, though not quite so successfully, The Old Man (the namelessness of the latter, by the way, is an important clue to the sort of treatment Miss Bennett gives her characters); but the cheerful, more phlegmatic Mutt emerges almost as a type, and The Old Woman is blurred.

In line with her talent for abstraction is the author's very keen and penetrating feeling for the United States. Her eye travels quickly and competently; her mind, pausing philosophically at some of our characteristic problems, reveals its brilliance not only in the unfolding of her story, but in her prologue, too. She distills, she crystallizes, despite the scattered defects, despite an occasional disturbing apostrophic tangent.

The French View

MY PAST WAS AN EVIL RIVER. By George Millar. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 306 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

IN this war novel, Gustave, a Frenchman who had been a waiter before he became a soldier and a German POW before he found refuge in a secluded valley in the Austrian Alps not far from Berchtesgaden, tells of his strange experiences. During eight days, in May 1945, he meets the first victorious Americans—"I assure you," he writes, "that a Chinese army, an army of Hindus, an army of apes, could not have seemed more strange to me." He also meets Herr Wiedemeyer, a former waiter, a colleague who had become rich and a friend of Hitler—he knew how to play the Fuehrer's favorite songs on the piano. Herr Wiedemeyer tries to get into the good graces of the new rulers. Good-natured Gustave wants to help him. But both are kidnapped by SS-Werewolves and the hero escapes only after a violent battle in which all the Nazis are killed.

This first novel of George Millar, who wrote the intelligent and breath-taking war books "Waiting in the Night" and "Horned Pigeon," is not, as he states in an author's note, about his own life. This time, "all the main characters are imaginary." But they turn out to be as true as life. They are sometimes crude, but always cynically honest portraits of men and women whom Mr. Millar—who had been a prisoner of war himself and who had fought with the French Maquis—has possibly met even if he does not now so remember. These German and Austrian Nazis, these young and old villagers, these American officers and men live. And although the story, after a slow start, turns at the end to hair-raising adventure, it remains a remarkably interesting psychological study of foreign people and strange situations, a novel both lively and touching because it is mainly about Gustave who is lonesome, who hates the Nazis but loves the villagers because they were rather nice to him, who respects the Americans in general but dislikes drunken soldiers and sneering, scooping newspapermen, who prefers to remain a Frenchman but would rather not live in his own country—he thinks he might lose there all privacy of thought, since he would become part of a system.

Of the many people described by Gustave some will be remembered a long time. There is Karl, the young son of the mad Nazi burgomaster Anton Hofer. He has been a soldier from 1937 to 1945 and he is sick of war and hating. There is Kurt Preger, SS-Unterscharfuehrer, a young, hating, handsome, perfectly disciplined soldier of a beaten army. He thinks his duty is to die fighting when everything is lost. There is Frau von Rehbach who avoids the Americans, who have killed her two Karls, the officer-

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husband and the son, and Brigitte who just loathes all foreigners. There is also the American Colonel Mockbeggar who is soft-hearted, sophisticated, and "undemocratically" firm when he orders the hanging of old Hofer but protects the village against snooping war correspondents. There are many more vividly drawn characters.

Readers who are sensitive will think Mr. Millar's satire on GI's is often overdone. Others may welcome the opportunity to see the defeated and the conquerors through the eyes of a simple Frenchman who does not hide his true feelings but is not quite sure how he will feel the next morning, like so many Europeans during these turbulent days. The book, in any case, should be read by all who like an original, full-packed, and unusual story of our times. This will not remain George Millar's only novel.

A Curious Ordeal

THE LONG SWIM. By Richard Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 154 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by FRANK K. KELLY

WHAT makes people go beyond their depth—knowingly, willingly, driven by an inner urge or a destructive compulsion to test themselves beyond the limits of their real endurance? We know what usually happens to such people: they stretch themselves too far, and they are lost. But sometimes on their faces odd smiles bicker, as if they have learned things they can't explain.

Such questions and reflections rise in the mind, after the reader reaches the end of this brief novel by Mr. Angell. His book is the record of a curious ordeal suffered by a young man who undertakes a long swim to a bare black rock called Cerboli not far from the island of Elba. On the surface, it is a simple story; but there are some strange undercurrents.

The young man, a merchant mariner with years of experience and a ticket qualifying him to sail as a mate on a vessel of any tonnage on any ocean, has a certain well-founded confidence in his ability to face and conquer the dangers of the sea. He believes he has learned a secret many captains have not learned: that the way to deal with the sea is to ride it, not to fight it.

His decision to swim to the rock is made in a moment of bravado, after an argument with a lieutenant aboard his ship in the harbor of Porta Vecchia. The lieutenant warns him that the dark rock may be farther than he thinks it is. What if that should be true? It doesn't bother him.

So he starts out on a beautiful morning, he slips into the glinting embrace of the tantalizing Mediterranean, and as soon as he is in the water he admits to himself that he doesn't know why he is swimming. His bravado vanishes, his theory becomes clearly a rationalization.

But momentum carries him along, he relaxes into the slow and steady stroke of the distance swimmer, he is lulled by the rhythm of his own movements, the swish of the water around his body. His time-sense is weakened and before he feels a sharp consciousness of fear it is afternoon and a breeze has begun to blow. The water gets rough.

His soft and pleasant musings about the "blue philosopher's robe of water," the wonderful release of being in the buoyant water where "the feeling within you, the urge to crawl out of your skin and get away, get away, is so strong," the drugged sort of gratification he has felt, dissolve into a shocked alarm. A wild thought rushes through him that it was fate leading him out there, to meet something, perhaps death. And yet he has no reason to seek death.

He thinks of the lemmings, the little Arctic animals who evade their many enemies and live through bitter winters only to plunge into a great mass movement to the sea where all are drowned. Night comes and he is shaken by a horrible loneliness. He falls asleep and swallows sea water, he has crazy dreams. He can't think of the things he wants to think about: annoying little thoughts tumble through his brain.

Finally he reaches a deserted island in a stupor of exhaustion. It would be much easier to die than to keep himself alive, but he maintains life in his body by eating snails and he manages a tortured existence until he is picked up by an old man and a boy in a boat. When he is found, he is no longer the gay young man who started out for a long swim. He is profoundly grateful for the smallest things.

This is a book with only two characters—a young man and the sea. Never openly stated, the theme of the novel appears to be that man's whole life is a long swim in a sea of unknown but enormously powerful forces. Some men fight the sea of the world and go down that way. Others are caught by rip-tides; still others are trapped in the cross-currents. Few find the main currents and ride to an island of achievement.

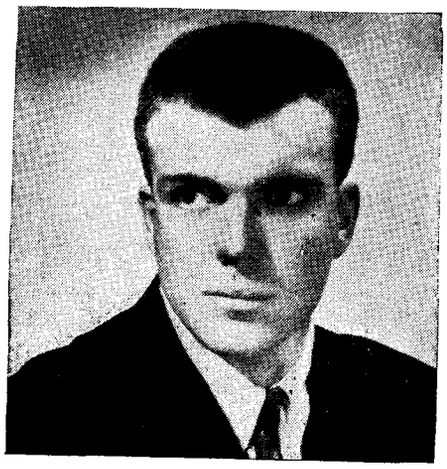
Even on its most obvious level, as an adventure of a young man under stress, this is a book that must be seriously considered. Mr. Angell's use of the second person singular is sometimes irritating, and he is not consistently successful in his attempts to pull the reader into the stream of thoughts passing through the mind of the young swimmer. The desperate broodings of the man in the water are seldom profound; but given such a character—a man of action, restless and adventuresome—his broodings would not be likely to be very original or deep.

Except in a few places, where the author's narrative power breaks down, the tale does give you the feeling of being in the sea beside the swimmer, seeing eye-to-eye with him, sharing the incidents which affect him. If you interpret it as this reviewer does, you will find that certain parts of it will draw you back for a repeated reading and that its meaning as a whole is impressive.

Triumph of Method

DOUBLE IMAGE. By Arthur Herbert Bryant. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1947. 175 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN



MR. BRYANT has done a beautiful, high-powered job of writing on a story that needed all he could give it to make it

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credible. What we have as a result is a triumph of method over material. The whole thing glitters with excitement and immediacy, and you'll have to look twice, if you want to, to see the reliable, shop-worn formula there under the shine: the four or five dissimilar characters, each with a dramatic secret, isolated by an accident of geography; the crisis that draws them together; the dramatic climax that resolves all problems. But this is a particularly good variation; let me emphasize that. You can sit back and admire the handiwork, knowing that Mr. Bryant has a career ahead of him.

This time the scene is a Florida tourist camp, Mac's Place, on a desolate stretch of coastal beach known as Barton's Corner. There is a fellow working for Mac, known as the Kid, a battle-shocked Navy veteran who is fighting off the effects of a shattering experience on a sinking battleship: did the Captain ask the Kid to shoot him as the ship was going down? Did the Kid do it, before he jumped? Or didn't he? He couldn't be sure, even now when his mind was clearing, away from the hospital. And here, on this crucial day, they are joined by five others. Sally walks the beach, brooding over a betrayal. Mr. Ramsay is deciding on escape—from wife and business—or surrender. Dr. Freilig, old and wise, is here with his wife for a rest. Danny Winters drives up in the rain, with a soldier he has picked up on the road. The thing begins to jell. A telegram for Mr. Ramsay, who disappears. The soldier clashes with the Kid; then, under Sally's wilful provocation, he makes a violent attack upon her. She runs out upon the beach. The Kid goes out to find her—and the story runs together, blurring in the fog that shrouds it physically.

The Kid has found the girl, and buried her. So it seems to him. Or had he heard her cry out last night, gone to her, then let her drown? Where has he been, then, before the remembered image of search and discovery? He suffers his second shock of uncertainty. The images blend irreparably, the Captain on the bridge, the girl in the water, and he doesn't know, he is lost. The double image is never brought back into focus, save by Dr. Freilig, who seems to comprehend it.

It is, as I have said above, a dubious contrivance, made of good staccato talk, vivid flashbacks, a lot of plotting and timing and getting away fast before you can stop to think. Whatever it is, Mr. Bryant has sparked it with drama, and has known how to provide us with an hour of decidedly spectacular reading.

Modern Gothic

DARK DOMINION. By Marianne Hauser. New York: Random House. 1947. 316 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARGARET B. HEXTER

"DARK DOMINION" can be characterized as a Gothic novel in modern dress; from its pages flow that same miasma of dread suspense, that same air of dissolution, decay, and death. Despite the fact that it is a psychological novel in Freudian terms, set in twentieth-century Manhattan, the connection with reality is so tenuous that an occasional reference to an actual street or shop or bus seems an anachronism.

It is a strange dream-world into which Maurice Panchaud enters when he arrives from Switzerland to visit his sister, Beatrice, whom he has not seen for many years, and whose image has possessed him from boyhood. After her "cure," Beatrice had married her psychiatrist, a lay-analyst, and it is apparent that the only vital relationship between husband and wife lies in the endless recounting and discussion of her dreams. With her brother, Beatrice recalls their early life, brooding on the memories and experiences of her childhood, while Dr. Spine relates to Maurice the case histories of his past and current patients. Into this morbid atmosphere comes another fabulous personality, Stanley, who almost at once becomes Beatrice's lover. Ostensibly a hearty, hard-drinking playboy, he, too, has his share of neuroses, and becoming intrigued by the psychiatric aura, secretly undertakes analysis at the hands of his mistress's husband. The only character—and a minor one—in the book who can be said to live in a real world is Beatrice's friend, Georgia Weatherbee. Slightly addled but full of zest, she pops in and out at rare intervals, furnishing some slight humorous relief.

All the traditional Greek psychoses are represented through the interwoven relationships of the four main characters: father-son, father-daughter, mother-daughter, and brother-sister. The result is a nightmarishly fascinating distortion of life, isolated from all reality. Some may find the subject matter repellent, because of its overtones of decadence, but no one can deny the arresting quality of the treatment.

A high degree of literary talent is evidenced in the writing of this extraordinary novel. Miss Hauser's handling of words and images is so impressive that one could wish she had chosen a less incredible set of characters and circumstances with which to display her facile brilliance.

New Atomic Time

By Louis Ginsberg

WITH heaped-up headlines littering the gloom,
I felt an almost imperceptible shock,
As of a slight vibration in my room . . .
I noticed something happened to the clock.

Its round, white center changed to—I could swear—
The heart of something whirling without stop;
The steady center of a maelstrom there—
The quiet center of a spinning top!

It changed into the opening of a tunnel
Through which I spied how many an era flees.
It changed into the opening of a funnel
That syphoned from my room the centuries . . .

Then everything settled . . . and I saw, instead,
The clock resume, almost, its matter-of-fact.
The clock stood set there centuries ahead!—
Good Lord! I had to wake from Time . . . and act!

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A Venture Into Speculation

THE CATOCTIN CONVERSATION. By Jay Franklin. With an Introduction by Sumner Welles. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 283 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THE philosophical dialogue, in which characters of recent history express opinions more or less like those they are known to have held, is a literary form which has been recurrently popular in the twenty-four centuries since it was first invented. Since the death of President Roosevelt it has had, in various external guises, a luxuriant flowering. If the late President appears in these reports in characters as different as the Socrates of Plato and the Socrates of Xenophon, it may be on the well-known principle that "Socrates talked down to Xenophon and up to Plato." The character of Mr. Churchill, however, is as fixed as a stock type of the *Commedia dell' Arte;* he plays the invidious part assigned to Thrasymachus in the "Republic," springing upon the rest of the company like a wild beast to insist that justice is only the interest of the stronger.

The latest contributor to this type of literature, John Carter (writing now as often under his alias of Jay Franklin), breaks the union rules in several respects. His portraits of Roosevelt and Churchill are recognizable in terms of what those men are known to have believed. Though himself a participant in the dialogue, he does not give himself an unduly large proportion of the good lines, or of perceptions benefiting by the broader viewpoint of the second guess three or four years later. And finally, he acknowledges that the conversation here reported never happened; that from beginning to end it is only a work of fiction. But Mr. Sumner Welles recommends it as "an imaginative synthesis of Anglo-American statesmanship, at a turning point of the war, by a skilled and informed reporter in whom the President had great confidence" . . . and who "was in a position to know what the actors on the stage which he has set really believed."

One of those actors gives the dialogue its novelty, if not its distinction. Putzi Hanfstaengl, early active in the Nazi movement (his piano playing was reputed to have had the soothing effect on Hitler that David's harp playing had on Saul, though unfortunately the effect was not lasting in either case) had escaped to England before the war about one jump ahead of the Gestapo and had later been interned in Canada. Carter in 1942 had the idea that Hanfstaengl, whose son by that time was in the American Army (in the family tradition, since an ancestor had been a corps commander in the Civil War) might if brought to Washington give the government useful information as to Nazi personalities and methods. It was a good idea; that nothing much came of it was not Carter's fault nor, perhaps, Hanfstaengl's. He was brought to Washington; Mr. Welles says that the information he provided "was more useful from the standpoint of psychological warfare than from that of military intelligence," but in fact it was not much good from either standpoint. His analyses of the purposes and implications of Nazi propaganda, as seen by a man who had once been a part of it, turned out to be no more penetrating than those made by men who had always been on the other side. But Carter was still responsible for him, and toward the end of the war he was rather in the unhappy position of a man who had bought a giraffe and was looking around for somebody who wanted a giraffe.

However, when Mr. Churchill was in Washington in May 1943, Hanfstaengl asked for an interview with him and the President. The request was refused by Churchill, says Welles; and the three men never met. Carter has amused himself by supposing what might have been said if they had met —along with Carter, Harry Hopkins, and Bernard M. Baruch—at that time, at the President's more or less secret week-end cottage on Catoctin Mountain in Maryland. Starting from the premise that Hanfstaengl is to give the President and the Prime Minister his idea of "how to free Europe from German domination and Germans from Nazi domination," the conversation runs over virtually all aspects of world politics and economics as they appeared in May 1943; hindsight occasionally intrudes, but not too often or too seriously. To review such a book is impossible; about all that can be done is to note one or two of its high points. There is nothing very novel in Hanfstaengl's analysis of Hitler's strength: "he gave us courage, hope, pride; Germany could be born again"—nor in the President's "the secret of his strength lies in his ability to grasp the combined will and instinct of the German people." But presently the conversation wanders to other topics—the British Empire and Russia. Mr. Churchill, devoted of course to the institution over whose liquidation he refused to preside, makes a much better defense of it in this book than in some others of the type. As for Russia—

When Carter has the President saying that America is in a position to "mediate" between England and Russia, he may be employing a term which has come into use since 1943; but he has the support of Welles's statement that the President never wavered in his conviction that the closest kind of coöperation with both the British Commonwealth and the

"The Roosevelt Romance appears to be taking various shapes, most of which could be reduced to the formula, 'What Roosevelt Would Do Now, If I Were Roosevelt'."

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Soviet Union was indispensable to this country, and that the endeavor to secure Russo-American understanding should never be prejudiced by conflicts of interest between Russia and Britain. What Mr. Roosevelt would have done when this triangle story was still further complicated by the intrusion of conflicts of interest between Russia and the United States is any man's guess; or, more exactly, it is every man's guess, since everybody who was on speaking terms with the late President is rushing into print with his version of what would be the Roosevelt policy now. Carter (writing, it must be remembered, what is frankly an historical novel) has the President saying that the answer to communism is "to make American democracy and American opportunity work so completely to the satisfaction of our people that the Communist can't even find a soap box." That this was his answer, at home, is proved not only by all he said but by all he did. But when Carter (still writing fiction) puts into his mouth the statement that "if Europe cannot resist communism, it doesn't deserve to be saved from communism," he raises some doubts; though a reviewer who was personally nowhere near so close to the President as was the author must content himself with stating the doubt rather than attempting to resolve it.

This quotation is subordinated to the main thesis ascribed to the President: "We must create a world order of some kind, any kind; we must bring Russia into that order, no matter what the price we pay; Russia must learn and we must learn that peace is really indivisible, and that world organization is the only alternative to chaos." In all likelihood Mr. Roosevelt did feel that in 1943 (most of it anyway—I have reservations about "no matter what the price"). As for what he would feel, or do, in the greatly deteriorated international situation of 1947, I can only report that some at least of the men who were most closely associated with him back in those days believe that he would do just about what Mr. Truman is trying to do—only, thanks to his skill, his prestige, and his experience, Roosevelt would have a better chance of getting away with it.

This is a venture into speculation, justified only by the fact that Carter's book will encourage other ventures into speculation which may be less soundly based. To repeat, this book seems to me to present all its characters, in general, as they were known to be; but in three hundred pages of dialogue—frankly fictitious dialogue, but some of those who quote it may choose to ignore that point—there are bound to be many isolated phrases which might be repudiated by those who are still living and could be turned against those who are dead.

Mr. Roosevelt was given to spur-of-the-moment remarks which by no means always expressed his considered judgment or determination; and he either did not realize or did not care that every word he spoke, in his later years, was going to be remembered by somebody, and was likely some day to appear in print as the foundation of a lofty superstructure of alleged Roosevelt policies. Not improbably, many such remarks are reproduced in these pages; Carter has a pretty good idea of which ones the President meant and which ones were merely tossed off the top of a busy mind, but not all writers who use him as a quarry may be so well informed, or so scrupulous.

Within the lifetime of Alexander the Great, Professor Toynbee reminds us, both the historical record of his achievements and the Alexander Romance began to take shape; and "both originated in the same social milieu, which was none other than Alexander's own personal entourage." The Roosevelt Romance appears to be taking various shapes, most of which could be reduced to the formula, "What Roosevelt Would Do Now, If I Were Roosevelt." But in another form it is rather the Anti-Roosevelt Romance. The Alexander Romance, says a writer quoted by Toynbee, was based on scholarship, but that scholarship came from "the dregs and lower strata of historiography." Much more reputable historiographers provide the scholarly foundation for the Anti-Roosevelt Romance; which some of their followers embellish into the picture of a great mass trial of the "American war criminals," to be followed presumably by a mass hanging on Capitol Plaza of the surviving *Kriegshetzer* who forced a peace-loving Japan and Germany to attack the United States.

This vision — obviously stemming from Jewish apocalyptic literature even though it is sometimes presented by anti-Semites—seems to be entertained only by some few members of what Toynbee might call an Internal Proletariat, which hopes to be turned into a Dominant Minority by the election of 1948—a lunatic fringe, hardly important enough even to be embarrassing to the men who might actually come to power in 1948; it is more likely to hinder the spread of the Anti-Roosevelt Romance than to help it. But from the standpoint of attempting to ascertain and set down the actual history of the past decade any romance may be a hindrance. Carter writes fiction but no doubt most of what he puts into Roosevelt's mouth is what he actually heard Roosevelt say. The fictional form gives him more latitude; yet unfortunately may give far greater latitude to people who may pick up invented phrases and conveniently forget that they appear in a dialogue which, its author assures us, never really took place.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Never mind the emperor—salute the press box."

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Chiang Kai-shek's American Twins

CHINA'S DESTINY. By Chiang Kai-shek. Translated by Wang Chung-hui. Introduction by Lin Yutang. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 237 *pp.* $2.75.

CHINA'S DESTINY. By Chiang Kai-shek. Including Chinese Economic Theory. Notes and Commentary by Philip Jaffe. New York: Roy Publishers. 1947. 332 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GOETTE

GENERALISSIMO Chiang Kai-shek will be amused and bewildered by the race of two New York publishers scurrying to beat each other by mere days in presenting to American readers his four-year-old "China's Destiny." The Generalissimo published his Chinese version in 1943, revising it in 1944. He had been battling Japanese aggression since 1931. His government had been driven from Nanking to Hankow and finally settled down in bombed Chungking. The war's outlook then was not too bright. His people needed revitalization.

Chiang Kai-shek therefore aimed at two objectives. In the absence of current military victories he compiled for domestic consumption a résumé of past achievements of his revolutionary party. The second aim, and in Chinese minds the more important and rational, was that the Generalissimo wrote for the ages. This, perhaps, is difficult for the Occidental to appreciate but it is obvious in the book's thorough foundation on Confucian and earlier Chinese psychological, moral, social, political, and economic precepts of the past three thousand years. Chiang Kai-shek inherited the power mantle of Dr. Sun. In "China's Destiny" he strives to inherit Dr. Sun's historical role in the national Valhalla. Confucius, Mencius, a score of intermediate scholars, statesmen, and soldiers, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and then Chiang Kai-shek, is the very clear succession which Chinese read into this book. Hence the Generalissimo cannot escape amusement over two American publishers competing in terms of days whereas, in the Chinese classical manner, he dreams of annotators centuries or even a millennium hence.

Nonetheless, time-spurning Orientals suffer from its vagaries as do we of the hurried West. The Generalissimo was a good prophet in 1943 when he predicted the war's end in two years. He was a bad one when he asserted that loss of Outer Mongolia, among other areas, would destroy China's national defense. Outer Mongolia is gone under Chiang's own treaty with Soviet Russia. Again he predicts, "China has come to a dividing line in her destiny. Her future will be decided in the course of this war of resistance and at the latest within the next two years." Four years have passed but very little seems to have been decided.

Another of the Generalissimo's predictions is of vital interest to industrial America. Following the program of Dr. Sun's International Development of China, the Generalissimo gives lengthy tables for a ten-year plan involving 20,000 kilometers of new railways, 253,000 kilometers of highways, 451,570 automobiles, 12,000 civilian airplanes, and 2,700,000 technical graduates, to name but a few items. He predicts on this score, "I believe that if all our people will strive hard, the minimum goal for the first ten years as listed above can easily be exceeded and the figures will not seem too ambitious."

Conceding reasonable justification to Chiang Kai-shek's seventy-five-page indictment of the wickedness of the unequal treaties, this must be read in the light of its design for domestic consumption and wartime morale-building. He goes far afield, however, in blaming most of China's economic, social, moral, and psychological ills on those unequal treaties and the foreign concessions. It is untenable to Occidentals that, in creating China's only modern cities, industries, banking system, international trade, railways, airlines, maritime customs, and postal administration, we of the West were alone responsible for blocking her industrial progress, and at the same time ruining the moral fibre of her 450,000,000 people, masses of whom never saw a foreigner.

The Macmillan edition of "China's Destiny" is the official translation made by Dr. Wang Chung-hui, leading international jurist. It carries an appendix of the 1944 alterations to the 1943 original, allegedly made to soften the author's blunt criticisms of imperialistic nations. The introduction is by Dr. Lin Yutang.

The Roy Publishers translation was made by two unnamed Chinese, is unofficial, and is edited by Philip Jaffe, editor of *Amerasia,* who does not temper his dislike of Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang Party rule.

Mr. Jaffe includes an unofficial translation of "China's Economic Theory," also by Chiang Kai-shek. In addition to explanatory footnotes and differences in the 1943-44 texts of "China's Destiny," Mr. Jaffe contributes sixty-two pages of commentary. He stresses the points where he feels that the Chinese Communists were misused by Chiang Kai-shek.

LITERARY TEMPEST IN A CHINESE TEAPOT

TWO translations of Chiang Kai-shek's "China Destiny" reviewed on this page appeared amidst a flurry of statements and counter statements. The race for publication was close: Roy Publishers's "unauthorized" translation was on sale by January 24, Macmillan's official version four days later. Because of the background of civil war in China, this literary tempest in a teapot is not without political significance, for the Roy edition of the book is frankly anti-Nationalist, while the Macmillan version, being the official one, is naturally pro-Chiang.

Both sides agree that Roy Publishers were not legally bound to ask for an "authorization," since there is no copyright agreement between China and the United States; but the Chinese News Service has insisted, in a statement prepared for *The Saturday Review,* that some authorization is called for in order to satisfy the author and the reading public that "the text used is authentic—and that there be no misinterpretation and twisting of the author's intent."

For their part, Macmillan is satisfied that its edition is "in fact the authorized translation of Chiang Kai-shek's original work." Although the negotiations for a contract were started as early as 1944, they add, "The actual manuscript was not placed in our hands until last year." Roy Publishers, on the other hand, state: "We do not dare to doubt this statement, but we do feel that it is rather strange that plans ostensibly laid so many years ago should have borne fruit in publication only at this late date."

Authorization for an English translation of the book, according to their information, "was denied by the Chinese Government between 1944 and 1946." They feel that "in view of the widespread interest the book has aroused in government circles over many years," and the "vital significance of its contents for a clearer understanding of the nature of the Chinese State, it seemed right and just to us to proceed with our translation without 'authorization'."

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A Way of Life Immortalized

THE FAIR FIELD. By John Moore. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 240 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

EAST End Avenue in Manhattan is a thoroughfare of some ten or twelve streets. But within its brief compass it is a microcosm of New York City. Rich, poor, artists, writers, musicians, the middle-classes, the Mayor of New York City, and even members of that American aristocracy—the Hollywood set—all live there. Joan Crawford, one of Hollywood's more indestructible institutions, lived there some years ago and possibly she does still. The children who played in the surrounding streets were fascinated with her. She gave them such a lovely feeling of being part of the great, glittering, unencumbered screen world where even poverty seems tolerable and everything is always for the common good.

There's a grocery, vegetable, and meat market which we called "Johnny's," and which never seemed to mind how huge a bill we ran up. It is operated by a vast Italian family who have been there for years and who are intensely intimate with the surrounding gentry and can and will tell you all about them. And on one corner there is an old-time saloon replete with pot-bellied iron stove. Here the same customers gather nightly to tipple, to decide the fate of nations, to "shoot pool," to sing, and to try for some little time to vanquish night and terror and everyday fears. I remember especially the large, neatly dressed, peroxide blonde with the small, incredibly turned ankles. She sat there night after night over her beer. She never spoke to anyone. No one ever spoke to her. In the late spring and summer afternoons I would see her leaning on her window-sill down the street, her enormous bosom bulging onto the ledge, her ample, fair-skinned arms and plump, well-kept hands propping her aching head. She would lean motionlessly, staring steadily into the street. But she never seemed to see anything, and she did not seem to be waiting for anything save night and her beer. Directly under her, in the same tenement, two ancient females sat side by side at their window. They had a nervous dog which would rush onto their fire escape and bark and bark while the women quavered and screamed frantically, "Stop eet! Stop eet!" Sometimes they beat the beast with a roll of newspaper. Sometimes, after the beast had subsided, they sat at their window scowling at one another. Two windows at the top of this tenement were opaquely shrouded winter and summer. But sometimes they were opened a crack and through these twin crevices twin pairs of binoculars surveyed the Avenue. I never saw who spied so cautiously upon our cosmos—I never really wanted to see. It was such a good mystery!

—*Elliott and Fry, Ltd.*

Reading John Moore's "'The Fair Field,' you will be forced to look about and see."

The special pet of the Avenue was Madame Torelli. She ran a magnificent junk shop. She was plump, ageless, utterly amiable. She had all the charm of a fat, wayward little girl who peers wide-eyed and innocently at the world but knows more about it than any of her elders. People came from everywhere to prowl in Madame Torelli's junk shop: sometimes they found beautiful or amusing objects. Then if she didn't like her would-be customers she said the objects weren't for sale. She would sit on a battered chest of drawers from Grand Rapids, swinging her short legs, or she would coil up on the frayed needlepoint of a rosewood sofa and spend her time making *decoupage* and visiting. She loved her business, her son, her memories, good manners, and talking. She always put her tongue out when she laughed and even when she talked. She wore a species of Mother Hubbard, and when the whim took her she threw an old shawl (usually salvaged from one of her "finds") over her Mother Hubbard and, leaving the shop—frequently open—went off on mysterious errands.

East End Avenue, as you can see, is a little village within New York City. It is a village with its own village characters, institutions, and problems. Now John Moore's "The Fair Field" is not about East End Avenue in New York City but about Elmbury, a very real market town deep "in the heart of England." And it is not about Elmbury at one special moment, but about it from 1913 to sometime in 1944, when the young author, in a bomb-blasted Normandy town, views it finally in a letter from home. I have written, in this review, about East End Avenue rather than John Moore's Elmbury for two reasons: John Moore has himself written so beautifully about Elmbury that it would be impertinent and conceited of me to try to do it again; and I want you to realize at once the immediacy of this smooth, reflective, exquisitely integrated book. "The Fair Field" is as pertinent to you as any apartment house, city street, or city you call your home. It is not only unique parish history, but it is a carefully textured chronicle of a way of life which is fast fading from the world.

Today there are still places in the world where life seems to mellow goldenly like fruit ripening in its own good sunny time. There are places where solitude, so necessary for reflection, is possible, where civilization is not mistaken for culture. "The Fair Field" will open your eyes to these places about you, will make you look at the faces and objects which have so become a part of your consciousness that you no longer find anything at all to see in them. In a mechanized, competitive world, each of us must especially find his own private worlds of beauty. We must keep our minds and eyes open to see. We must wrest from the tortuous business of everyday living some moment in which to probe why we are here, what it's all about, are we really living. Reading "The Fair Field" you will be forced to look about and see or you will not go on reading it long. You will say that it is not your "kind of book." You will take it back to the library or give it away, and you will be out not only the library fee or the $2.75 it costs, but you will have turned away from living life more tolerantly, more richly. In his introduction, Irwin Edman writes, "It is hard enough in all conscience to say exactly what constitutes a major classic, and a minor classic is even more difficult to define. But if anyone wanted an illustration, I should not hesitate to offer 'The Fair Field'." I do not know whether "The Fair Field" is any sort of classic, but I do know that it takes a way of life and, while delineating it beautifully, elevates it to a work of art which must lend both the way of life and the work of art as much immortality as anything man-made can sustain.

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Melodrama and Philosophy

LOOK SOUTH TO THE POLAR STAR. By Holger Cahill. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 554 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD WATTS, JR.

HOLGER CAHILL has put a lot about modern China and its revolutionary ferment into this long and ambitious novel but I am afraid he has done so chiefly by overwhelming his reader with detail and cataloguing. What he has written is a hopefully Malraux-like combination of melodrama and philosophical disquisition, dealing with two American intelligence agents and an idealistic American girl enmeshed in intrigue and guerilla warfare in Shanghai and the nearby countryside in the days just before Pearl Harbor. In his 554 pages he has set down much that is dramatic, sensitive, colorful, and understanding, but he has an unhappy way of getting lost in his verbiage.

When, for example, he wants to describe a street far from the foreign settlement in Shanghai he starts off with fine gusto and enthusiasm, but soon you find him going on like this:

> There were armies of squashes, sweet melons, bitter melons, loofahs, Chinese cantaloupe, embroidered lichee gourds, cucumbers, watermelons, wax gourds, magic gourds shaped like the huang-tzu symbols of wine shops, white turnips creamy smooth as small tusks of ivory, earth-colored Chinese potatoes, yams, hyacinth beans, mung beans, horse beans, garden peas, snow peas, bean sprouts, leeks, shallots, peppers, garlic, onions, mushrooms, tree ears, lotus stems, lotus root, water lily root, water chestnuts, ginger root, mustard root, silver thread mustard, water caltrops, amaranth, white-ribbed cabbage, flowering cabbage . . .

and so on for another page. It tends to be a little overwhelming.

Mr. Cahill has written many works on art and it is clearly a subject close to his heart, and he has filled his novel with discussions of its Chinese manifestations. He has interesting ideas on Chinese music, too, and one of his characters, who believes that the West has given up so much for harmony—in music only, of course—that it must return to the Chinese for "melodic richness and modal variety," feels that modern music will find China "one of the great virgin fields of new ideas." Mr. Cahill also feels strongly about the trumpet, considering it capable of expressing the entire emotional story of an oppressed people. All of this is interesting and occasionally stimulating, but the sheer mass of detail and contemplation keeps the novel from possessing any sort of integral power.

Even though his melodrama and his rather mystic considerations of culture, race, nationality, war, revolution, and the past and future of China are never successfully amalgamated, there is much that is striking in "Look South to the Polar Star." The picture of Shanghai in the ominous autumn of 1941, with its luxury and squalor, its starving masses, ostrich-like old China Hands and dubious secret agents of questionable Chinese, Japanese, American, and German nationality, is believably and often dramatically portrayed, and the scenes of the Communist New Fourth Army in action, while less imbued with authenticity, are generally credible. The novel is at its best in its depiction of the atmosphere of fear, suspicion, moral weariness, and gloomy anticipation that dominated both Shanghai and the guerilla territory of the lower Yangzte.

It is far less successful with its characters, who rarely come to any sort of dramatic life. Ryall, who is probably the hero; Farjohn, the American intelligence chief; the art dealer, Armin, and the girl are shadowy figures indeed, and only Mak, the strong, indomitable, loyal Russian aide to the Americans, has, among the sympathetic characters, the proper air of reality. A mysterious anti-fascist fighter from the Spanish Civil War almost achieves credibility, but not quite. On the other hand, a couple of the villains, while also shadowy, do seem successfully sinister.

Often Mr. Cahill has arresting things to say. His conviction that in every nation a study of the quality and morale of its army supplies a valuable clue to its political condition seems particularly applicable to China as it faces the threat of renewed civil war. There is suggestive comment also, on the important issue of why Chinese communism, for all its Marxist convictions, accepts the undesirability of proletarian dictatorship. Unhappily, though, "Look South to the Polar Star" is not successful as a novel.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 672)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES: *PROGRESS*

The root of the problem* is simply that New York has so many attractions for people that there are always too many people in New York. . . . Experience over three centuries has shown that progress creates as many problems as it solves.

*Transportation in New York City.

"I'm torturing myself."

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President

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YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

NO single year of writing can sharply differ from the previous year, for the years and the decades melt into each other as slowly and as indistinguishably as youth grows into full maturity and maturity into age. Ideas that seem to be fresh and startling may have taken a long time to germinate or prove to be a new expression of an old theme. Nevertheless, with the new year, there has rarely been so clean a slate set before the new American writer on which he may make his mark. The year 1946 produced several prodigiously successful newcomers in terms of best sellers and movie contracts but only a few works of real distinction. It was labeled the most arid year in our literature since Americans began to re-examine their own country with a jaundiced eye thirty years ago. A great deal of the literary wreckage and the hangovers left by the war was cleared away, and many writers were able to bring to an end their wartime preoccupation with international politics and the obsession that their patriotism in writing propaganda for the government had brought upon them. The American landscape, the towns, and the plains are beginning to emerge from the fog of war.

It is not wholly to be regretted that a commanding writer, a single theme, or a manner of expression as dynamic as was Hemingway's in his early days has not yet appeared. There are advantages; young writers cannot be swept off their feet today, or led by the nose, by anybody's freshly clipped prose, or by the urge to follow a new political or mechanistic philosopher; they do not have to be socially conscious if they don't want to be, nor to like or dislike what they see in their countrymen. They are free to determine which facet of life they wish to explore. Fiction writers often have to make a living or a reputation with short stories before they can secure a publisher for their first novel. They have a better chance than ever to live that long, now that the magazines are crying for new talent and the twenty-year-old conviction is slowly dying that the classical story, with a beginning, a plot, and an end, is somehow less literary, less worthy of the attention of the beginner than the story that is only the evocation of a mood, or a mere episode. It looks easier on the surface to use what used to be called in Virginia Woolf's day a "stream of consciousness" to carry one's thoughts, rather than to write sharp sentences directed to a definite conclusion. As a matter of fact, it is far more difficult; no matter how brilliantly the plotless story may be executed the product can perhaps only be sold to *The New Yorker* or the "little" magazines.

Last year, while it could not equal some of the war years, spawned books by the millions. There were almost eight thousand new titles, of which over fifteen hundred came from the writers of fiction; and the sales of some of them, aided by the vast numbers of subscribers to the book clubs, reached into the hundreds of thousands. There should be a recession this year, though not an alarming one. To continue the dangerous pastime of prophecy we may have fewer books which can be elegantly labeled as belles-lettres, fewer literary biographies. There will not be so many about the one world that Wendell Willkie invented, or devoted to the atomic bomb either for war or peace. There should be as many or more factual books about the late lamented war, for the historians and the recorders will be busier than last year; and there will be less war fiction. It will take from two to five years for the man who actually went to war to settle back and view his experiences with maturity and perspective. And it is still too early to expect the flood of autobiographies that will come from the leaders of nations and armies, or from the less-decorated fighters who emerged as captains and commanders. After the First World War, for example, the best of them, like Robert Graves's "Goodbye to All That," appeared a decade or more after its end, while the most successful of all the war novels, Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," appeared in 1929 and William March's "Company K," one of the finest from our own writers, in 1933.

It is certain that the writers of the coming years will not look at America through rosy spectacles, though they will not try to knock our entire civilization into a cocked hat as did the writers of fifteen years ago. They will be humanitarians and realists rather than satirists, and they will be concerned primarily with the inequities of our way of life. Racial antagonisms, whether in New Mexico, New York, or Georgia, will produce dramatic literature; there will be more books by writers like Lillian Smith, and more Negro writers like Ann Petry and Richard Wright will suddenly appear as defenders of their race.

In spite of the overwhelming importance of the labor movement and of the millions of workers grouped in unions it is a fair guess that there will be few novels on that theme, or will there be some younger edition of Upton Sinclair who can dramatize the factories and the socialist movement?

The breakup of American marriage, so well illustrated by the startling percentage of divorce and annulment we have all seen, and the disturbed relation between man and woman will produce a flood of new volumes by novelists, psychiatrists, social workers, and by almost anyone who wants to take a hand in the game. There will be more books for and about children, since human nature has been of late confounding the statisticians by providing a record crop of babies. It is to be expected that publications about every art but poetry and literary criticism will flourish, especially music, painting, and perhaps the ballet. Religion, philosophy that can be understood by lesser beings than the philosophers themselves, will be popular themes, and there will be the books of "self-help," telling you how to be at peace with yourself, how to treat your wife or keep a friend. Americans are now as restless and as disturbed about the future as they have ever been. They want to be at peace with themselves, with their fellow man, and with the world; and they are even frightened because they have accepted new responsibilities in other continents and because they have had to look for the second time at the hideous countenance of world war. There will, therefore, continue to be books about another war. The subject will have a magnetic fascination, for it combines the appeal of the almost supernatural miracles of science, atomic weapons, rockets falling upon us from outer space, with the ultimate terror of instantaneous liquidation. Finally, Russia will still be with us as a subject for speculation and fear for years to come, or until the assemblies of the United Nations convince us that we may truly hope for a time when we do not have to be haunted by nightmares.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Woman, the Scapegoat"

SIR: In your editorial "Woman, the Scapegoat," you take an exalted but indefensible position. If it is true that the national magazines that have published articles on inadequacy of the American girl and woman represent the first concerted attack on the feminist credo, then I can say that it was long overdue. The whole intellectual world has long been aware that the American girl was undisciplined, the American mother guilty of unsexing her sons, the American wife responsible for a nation of servile husbands, and finally that the end product of our feminism, the career woman, was neurotic, and as dangerous to our domestic security as a time bomb. The whole structure of the feminist conception of equality has been a disastrous mistake. There must be more and more vigorous and courageous writers and books like "Woman, the Lost Sex" to finally place women where they belong, in the security and happiness of the home.

ARNOLD FREDERICKSON.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: While I disagree with many of the sentiments about the American woman expressed by the writers who are attacked in your editorial of January 18, I agree heartily with all of the attacks on the American mother. Even if they are exaggerated, they may serve to awake young mothers to their responsibility toward their sons. I have taught for ten years in a private school, and it has seemed to me that a high percentage of the boys were obsessed by mother worship. I have not been surprised at the fact that about three million American youths were incapable of military service for psychiatric reasons. They were doomed before they became adult. But I believe that the anti-feminist crusade which your editorial examines is an absurdity. Women are in the professions and in business and industry, and they are there for keeps.

OLIVIA SMITH.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: It does not seem worth while to me for women's blood-pressure to rise too much over the recurring slaps at them in periodicals. Women will continue to find their places. The rivalry of men will hardly stop them. They are so accustomed to abuse that now they are impervious to it. *Abuse is found the world over where jealousy exists!* Women have been dealt with unfairly in their dogged labor as teachers and as nurses, and now those who have abused women in these positions are coyly trying to win them back. Women are learning a little more speedily since the war. They have seen much that they have accomplished held up by men as their own. Where would the average man be without his secretary? Women have been wooed, married, and deposited in their homes with a "There, that's over!" and then forgotten, but they have picked themselves up and are coming along on their own steam. They can take criticism, constructive or destructive, as the case may be. *They are definitely and for all time finished with doing work which is unrecognized.*

MRS. HERBERT L. STEIN.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

SIR: Three cheers for Harrison Smith's "Woman, the Scapegoat"!!! The sweeping generalities of a group of so-called experts in their damning of "mom" has me rather disgusted, to put it mildly.

Having been attached to the neuro-psychiatric hospital during the period of fighting on Okinawa I know a smattering about the underlying reasons responsible for the condition of many of the hundreds of patients who went through that hospital . . . personal reasons give me an added bit of knowledge. This convinces me that those who sweepingly place the blame on "Momism" have gone off half-cocked, are doing a terrible misservice to the progress of psychiatry, and should be repudiated. If this blame was being placed on the women by men of little or no standing the matter would be laughable; but when men with the positions of Dr. Ralph Banay and Dr. Edward A. Strecker write as they have for magazines read by millions it seems to me that they are prostituting their profession.

JOHN EASTMAN, JR.

Framingham Centre, Mass.

SIR: Tsk! . . . tsk! . . . tsk! That was the *Nineteenth Amendment* which granted Mr. Wylie's moms the Federal right to vote. Perhaps it was a persistent old Oedipus complex that caused your editor to slip into the error of crediting the Seventeenth Amendment for women's votes in 1920. Or maybe a brooding preoccupation with the distressing choice we sometimes make of the popular selection of Senators, as guaranteed by the Seventeenth Amendment.

At any rate, allow me—and probably 1586 other instructors in American Government, distributed from Bowdoin to the University of California (at Los Angeles)—the unusual opportunity of correcting the nearly infallible *SRL!*

KENNETH C. MACKAY.

Madison, N. J.

SIR: I wish to express my gratitude to your Mr. H. S. whose editorial "Woman, the Scapegoat" is the one sane expression on the subject I have read.

How pitiful is man as he searches for simplicities. How tightly he winds himself in the thread of his own weaving as he evolves his little pattern to adjust himself to his world. If it is true that the Army found it difficult to indoctrinate the young men of America with stated views in regard to the necessity of warfare, if it is true that college administrators are becoming increasingly aware of added responsibility, if it is true that mom and the woman teacher are in some way at the core of the turbulent unrest of the day—if so, praise be. We appear to have more than a biological or a nursemaid's function. However, is mom or the teacher to blame? We have found puritanism too austere. We have rejected classicism. We have gulped our fill of license. Cannot man at any age face the mirror of responsibility? Can he not say, "I am I," as he assumes the demands his integrity places upon him?

HARRIET A. PITTS.

Jackson, Mich.

Promise of Author's First

SIR: All books should be eternally cursed
Which "fulfil the promise of the author's first."

SAM BULLEN.

Logan, Utah.

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JULES ROMAINS

is the author of a score of novels, plays, and volumes of poetry and essays which have had a great influence not only in France but elsewhere in Europe and in the United States. The best known is MEN OF GOOD WILL, which both he and his critics agree is his masterpiece. First conceiving the plan for this work more than thirty years ago, he began the actual composition in 1931. All his writing he says has been but a preparation and an exercise leading to this monumental work.

Romains visited the United States in 1936 and again in 1939 to preside at the P. E. N. Congress at the New York World's Fair, where he delivered his famous speech on militant democracy. After the fall of France in 1940, Romains made his home in the United States and Mexico. He has now returned to France.

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Seeing Things

A LEPRECHAUN TO THE RESCUE

EVERY theatregoer knows this. It is knowledge which cannot be avoided. As with sunburn, all that is needed to acquire it is sufficient exposure. In both cases the results can be painful.

There is a formula for musical comedies as surely as there is one for toothless babes. The sustenance it offers is scarcely more adult. This is held to be one of its virtues. The patrons of musicals are believed to have other things on their minds besides thought. The supposition is that they are tired. Their fatigue is deemed the foe of novelty. At least it is by those tunesmiths and bookmakers who (to put it politely) are themselves too tired to be capable of originality. Hence Broadway's firm reliance on the old, old stencils.

The comedian strutting whatever his stuff may be. The young lovers who, when parted at intermission, repeat the sadly happy song which rose to their lips when first they met. The chorus boys and girls who are forever bursting in from nowhere to erupt into dance at the raising of a baton. The he-she-it jokes. The smirkings, the leerings, the oglings. The pelvis-endangering "bumps." The trick "props" invented only to repeal the law of gravity. The sudden equatorial numbers when the lights are dimmed and the tom-toms demoniacal. The male choruses during which men with falsetto faces suddenly turn into baritones or bassos, though never profundos. The interludes of rushing here and writhing there to mime an unspoken story in the interests of ballet. The wilful abandonment of sense. The frenetic pursuit of laughter. The substitution of energy for imagination. The second act which is almost always too long and hence undoes what the first act may have done. These are the staples; the tattered cards reshuffled, which in the name of diversion are constantly being dealt from the same deck.

That is why any escape from the formula is welcome. And why such musicals as "Pal Joey," "I Married an Angel," "Of Thee I Sing," "Oklahoma!", "On the Town," "Carousel," or this season's "Finian's Rainbow," are gratefully remembered. When such a one bobs up, it is as surprising as a swan among geese, or a leprechaun in Kiplinger's office.

"Finian's Rainbow"* leaves me no other choice than to drag in a leprechaun by his pointed ears. E. Y. Harburg's and Fred Saidy's new musical is delightfully involved with such a creature. That he happens to be found in this country instead of De Valera's does not keep this expatriated fay from being the real thing. Why? Because even by the dictionary's insistence a leprechaun is a sprite who, if caught, will reveal the hiding place of treasure. And there is treasure to be found in "Finian's Rainbow," in addition to the pot of gold that has been stolen from its leprechaun.

Not pure gold. At least, not all of the time. A good deal of gravel is mixed in. Yes, and some sub-soil in the form of Chick Sales humor which ought to have been washed away long ago. Even so, there are far too many nuggets in "Finian's Rainbow" for a critic to pan. Both the book and the production are blessed with imagination. This is not sustained throughout. It admits its strange lapses of taste when the jokes are all plumbing, and poor plumbing at that, and when Mr. Harburg's rhymes (as in the case of "Something Sort of Grandish") are coy to the point of inducing emesis. Yet, in spite of these regrettable backslidings, this new musical does manage to advance gaily down a path at once charming and untrodden.

Don't be mean enough to expect me to relate all the things that happen when the leprechaun in question trails an arthritic old Paddy and his daughter from Glocca Morra into the backwoods of a state somewhat poisonously known as "Missitucky." I doubt if, away from the theatre, the two librettists could, at the point of a gun, remember the twists and turnings of their plot.

The buried treasure at Fort Knox and the subterranean and contagious influence which, according to a credulous old Irishman, it exerts on American prosperity. The TVA, at least by suggestion. A Southern senator, at once Claghorn and Bilbo, brought for trial to the bar of laughter. A colleen who, as capably sung and acted by Ella Logan, is more Celtic than any St. Patrick's Day parade; a girl as chockful of shamrocks as only the Irish can be who have put Ireland behind them.

—*Graphic House.*

The surprise element in the musical "Finian's Rainbow" is "the deft acuteness of its social comment, especially on . . . race bigotry."

THAT leprechaun dwindling into mortality from the feet up, even as Socrates embraced death; an elf whose magic is waning because of his having been robbed of the pot of gold upon which three, and only three, effective wishes can be made. A mute backwoods damsel who must communicate with the neighbors by the dubious means of the dance. The neighbors themselves, black and white, with no blight of Faulkner or Caldwell upon them; as amiable a group of weed-growers as ever pranced barefoot or well-heeled on Tobacco Road. Some fabulous city clothes, suddenly acquired by mail order from a fecund firm known as Shears Robust; costumes as giddy as only the underprivileged have the right to dream of. And, of course, a love story with as many unpredictable sub-plots as the Mississippi can claim tributaries.

All of these, plus a blend of mountain songs and Irish melodies, and an admixture of the caressing accents and moonlit folklore of both regions, combine to make "Finian's Rainbow" the fresh and charmingly different musical it is.

Does this sound pixilated beyond the point of comfortable endurance? It does not prove so. On that score take the word of one who is quickly allergic to gnomes, hill-billy Homers, and such Gaelic whim-whams as may be described as paddyshines. In spite of its defections in taste and rhymes,

* *FINIAN'S RAINBOW, a new musical. Book by E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy. Lyrics by Mr. Harburg. Music by Burton Lane. Directed by Bretaigne Windust. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Eleanor Goldsmith. Choreography by Michael Kidd. Orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett and Don Walker. Presented by Lee Sabinson and William R. Katzell. With a cast including Ella Logan, Albert Sharpe, Donald Richards, David Wayne, Anita Alvarez, Lyn Murray Singers. At the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre.*

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at its best "Finian's Rainbow" is gaily ingratiating. Its magic is epidemic. Its only trouble is a merit. In terms of words, its better quality is soap-bubble hard to capture.

When I saw Mr. Harburg's and Mr. Saidy's fantasy a fortnight after its opening, its company was playing with that confidence which actors communicate who know they are in a hit and are still somewhat startled by it. Although I surrendered, as I was prepared to do, to the spell of David Wayne's leprechaun, one aspect of "Finian's Rainbow" surprised me agreeably. This was the deft acuteness of its social comment, especially on the subject of race bigotry.

Hazlitt once pointed out that "man is the only animal that laughs; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are, and what they ought to be." No one, considering the problem of race relations in this country, can fail to be struck with that difference.

There is scarcely an American who hesitates to ventilate his opinion on what the British should do in India. Yet many of these citizens, so articulate on international questions, are silent upon or blind to the ugliest problem at their own doorsteps. It is a problem at once so anguishing in the human woe it inflicts and so humiliating as a proof of the defects in our democratic practices that laughter is not unnaturally the last corrective to have occurred to those alert to its seriousness, ashamed of its horror, and embarrassed by its hypocrisy.

"We shed tears from sympathy with real and necessary distress," continued Hazlitt, "as we burst into laughter from want of sympathy for that which is unreasonable and unnecessary." Certainly, as the enlightened South knows no less than the enlightened North, Bilboism in any form and to any degree is, to indulge in an understatement, unreasonable and unnecessary. It is intolerable; a disgrace to our national decencies, a betrayal of our stated beliefs.

TO mobilize our strength to fight overseas the theory of the Master Race, and to accept that same theory at home without mobilizing our consciences, is worse than a paradox. Unless we would live a lie, we must live by what we say we believe in. Our Declaration of Independence is the declaration only of our perfidy, if its guarantees of equality are not realities which guide us rather than phrases which please us.

Most novels and plays dealing with the race question have been as stark, brutal, and tragic as are the facts of that question itself. Bred of terror and

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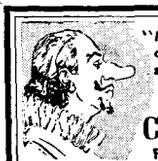
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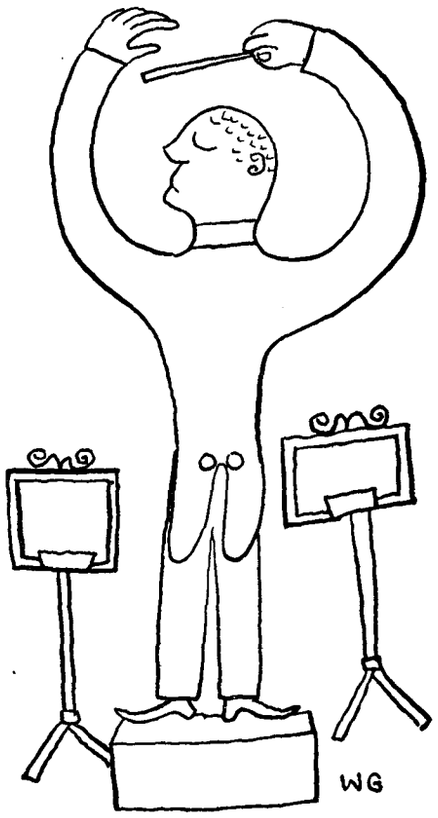
violence, they have been full of both. They have flared with understandable indignation. To draw attention to the ugly truths of an ugly situation, they have often overdrawn their villains and oversimplified their heroes. If they have been unjust, they have at least been so in the interests of justice. Their sobering concern has been false accusations of rape, the degradations of mob hysteria, lynchings, and the blackness of the unregenerate white man's heart. They have shouted and pointed, and wrung tears from their spectators, with the vigor of missionaries who know their cause is good. The fault is not theirs if, because of their fidelity to the everyday facts, they have been weakened dramatically by falling into a familiar pattern.

It is to the credit of "Finian's Rainbow" that it departs from this pattern no less successfully than it does from other stencils. The enemy is always vulnerable to new tactics. The High Command which imperiled the walls of Jericho with mere buglers demonstrated this long ago. Laughter turns out to be a wise, and proudly American, weapon of surprise in Mr. Harburg's and Mr. Saidy's attack on the white-black relationship in the Bilbo-belt.

They do not shoot their windy Southern demagogue or soil a sour-apple tree by hanging him to it. They merely give him a cabinetful of his own poisonous medicine. A wish made near the leprechaun's pot of gold turns their Senator's white face black. He is outraged and filled with shame and anger, until his heart is also changed. Having been forced to share the indignities of living as a black American, the Negro's point of view becomes his own. He happily joins a Negro quartet. When he is wished white again at the evening's end, the Senator's heart is really white in the truest sense of the word; in the sense that tolerance has replaced intolerance in it, and that he has come to champion the poor farmers he had bullied no less than the defenseless blacks he had victimized.



In "The Street," Ann Petry's moving novel about Harlem, there is an unforgettable passage. It is a description of the white man as a Negro porter sees him. The porter is always traveling somewhere but never for fun. His passengers are an imperious, inconsiderate lot. For them, he is, regardless of his age, merely willing hands, a bent back, and a forced smile at the other end of a bell. All he knows about them is the mess they leave behind them in their berths. If he is ever on their minds, he passes from them at the journey's end. To them he is a commodity, not a human. Yet they haunt his thoughts, filling him with inevitable resentment; a resentment mixed with contempt.

In "Finian's Rainbow" there is a brief scene in which this same topic of obsequious service is touched upon. Not angrily. Hilariously. It finds one of the Senator's venal henchmen breaking in a new Negro servant. The henchman is instructing the Negro in how to bring the Senator a mint julep. The young, fine-looking Negro at first makes the mistake of employing his natural walk when carrying in the tray. The henchman shakes his head with horror. No. No. That will never do. The Senator won't stand for that. No. If the boy wants the job, which he needs in order to complete his college education, there must be more shuffling, more scraping, more Uncle Tom-ing, more servile undulations of the body. The free black American must, in other words, bow to white prejudice by reducing himself to a minstrel show idea of a slave.

All of this, as I say, is done laughingly. In the case of the Senator's own change of color no less than of the Negro's employment, the situation is treated for what is ridiculous in it rather than for what is tragic. On the subject of the inequalities of race, "Finian's Rainbow" is as original as it is elsewhere. It asks our reason to do the work ordinarily demanded of our hearts. Our hearts having so far made a not-inconspicuous failure of solving the race problem, it is high time our reason took over. God knows, there is plenty of room for both.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Seal Saga

THE HUNTING OF THE SILVER FLEECE. By Fredericka Martin. New York: Greenberg. 1946. 328 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

ANIMALS have been the pawns in many games played with empire as the stake. Always the white man has slaughtered indiscriminately in his quest for riches. The heathen natives killed only enough animals to satisfy their needs. So that feathers might decorate women's heads and fur their anatomies, "civilization" inevitably has meant the reckless destruction of wild life.

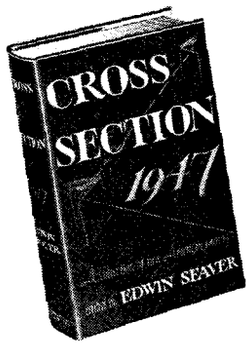
Buffalo Bill took European potentates on thrilling bison hunts; these heroes shot into the herds from moving trains. The animals which numbered 50,000,000 when Lewis and Clark crossed the plains, had dwindled to less than 5,000 by the end of the nineteenth century.

The same fate would have overtaken the fur seal had it not been for a valiant man named Henry Wood Elliott. Against the trading companies of three nations—England, the United States, and Russia—he waged war for the protection of the rookeries of the North Pacific. He had watched sealers split open female seals and kick the bloody foetuses overboard. He had seen whole islands gutted of animal life within a few hours. He had stood before Congressional committees and been derided as a madman and fanatic.

With passion and indignation, Mrs. Martin has told the story of the fur seal. Yet her book, which starts out to be the tale of these bearers of luxurious pelts, ends by being the story of Henry Wood Elliott. And the book is the better for it. The epic of the fur seal is in reality the life of the man who dedicated his career to saving our rookeries from annihilation. Mrs. Martin gives Elliott credit for the fact that "today the Pribilof seal is alive and flourishing."

Furs brought the first Russian adventurers to *Alakh - Skhak* — "The Great Land." No pelt so soft as seal to warm a ballerina's slender body. Seward bought Alaska in 1867, and still the slaughter continued. British sealers joined the bloody task. Professor Elliott demanded an immediate reduction in the number of seals killed. He sought protection of females and under-sized bachelors. He pointed out that erasing the seals was not only intrinsically bad, but in the long run a sentence of death for the Aleut natives.

Elliott was denounced as an enemy



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IN DARKNESS AND CONFUSION, *by Ann Petry*

"Recites the catastrophe that overwhelms an elderly Negro when his daughter becomes a small-time prostitute and his fat and wholesome wife dies of the impact on a weak heart of racial anger and violence during a riot in Harlem. Miss Petry manages not only to create of the humblest of men a nobly tragic figure, but also to dramatize the sultry and dark urge of group anger and mob violence."—HARRISON SMITH, *Saturday Review of Literature*

"Most powerful."—KENNETH FEARING, *New York Herald Tribune*

THE WAY THINGS ARE, *by Sam Elkin*

"A powerful realistic analysis of how war makes an individual seem a misfit, physically and socially, when he returns to face the conventions of modern life."—HARRY HANSEN, *New York World-Telegram*

"Here is a writer who, in depicting the reactions of a returned soldier shows authentic power, which augurs well for his future."
—JOHN COURNOS, *New York Sun*

BALLET OF THE BOWIE KNIVES, *by William March*

"Robust and entertaining. A fine example of the bawdy humor which deftly avoids the four-letter word."
—HARRISON SMITH, *Saturday Review of Literature*

"Most entertaining."—KENNETH FEARING, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

EAT DUSTY BREAD, *by Teo Savory*

"A well-formed complete story of an English woman as selfish and cheap as Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage.'"
—STERLING NORTH, *New York Post*

HOMESICK FOR A HANGING, *by James Cox*

"Portrays an impoverished tobacco farmer going haywire with a gun and suggests that Mr. Cox has something on the ball."
—HARRY HANSEN, *New York World-Telegram*

CONFETTI NIGHT, *by Betty Baur*

"A gay love story in which the bedeviled and unprepossessing daughter of a woman professor manages to get amusingly tight at a youthful party on the floor below and at the same time cheerfully rids herself of her virginity."
—HARRISON SMITH, *Saturday Review of Literature*

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—SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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of free enterprise—familiar words! How dare this upstart interfere with trade? The Russians, then still devoted to rugged individualism, participated in the pillorying of the champion of the fur seals. Elliott used cold, hard facts. The price of a pelt rose from $2.50 to $30, and then far higher, but the tax remained the same. The owners of the sealing vessels were earning a king's ransom. No wonder they had ample funds for the ridiculing of Professor Elliott.

Yet fanatics have a way of winning out. Laws at last passed a reluctant Congress. Coast Guard cutters stood off the Pribilofs, ready to hunt down poachers. The Aleuts were made the sole instrumentality for the killing of a specified number of seals each year. Professor Elliott had won.

Mrs. Martin has told this story with feeling and intensity. It is a pity she has so cluttered her writing with adjectives and adverbs that her meaning is often obscure.

Little Paris of America

MY SAN FRANCISCO. By Gertrude Atherton. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1946. 309 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by
MADELINE REEDER MCQUOWN

THE most amazing thing about "My San Francisco" is that its author has written it in her ninetieth year. After a long and spectacular career in light fiction stretching beyond the memory of most of us, it must have been restful to taper off on this slightly pedestrian, unpretentious book about something Gertrude Atherton has been able to love unswervingly through so many years. The book is discursive, chatty, and highly personal in its reminiscences of San Francisco. For this reason many of its pages may lack interest for the general reader, but they will undoubtedly entertain anyone who has lived in this loveliest of Western cities. Mrs. Atherton makes no pretensions beyond this.

In "My San Francisco" no attempt is made to give a concise history of the city. That task Mrs. Atherton has left to historians. She gives a picture of San Francisco as she has known it herself all these years. Not only does she recall its spectacular beauty that is the same now as it was in her youth, but the quiet spots that must have meant a great deal to her during her lifetime and that can only be known through long residence. The little parks where the hurried visitor is a stranger, the bookstores which have published some of California's best poets, the old houses closed to casual observation.

A great deal of space is devoted to the people who lived in San Francisco both before and during Mrs. Atherton's lifetime. Many of these people live now for the tourist in the names of parks, streets, museums, or on the title pages of books, many of which are all but completely forgotten.

The author has many stories about the literati of Russian Hill in years past, and these have more than a provincial interest, as many of the writers achieved national prominence. This group includes George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, Charles Caldwell Dobie, and others like them. She was the center of this group for a great many years.

Many of her stories of the people who have formed the social life of San Francisco for the last eighty years are of local interest only, and seem slightly on the superficial side at best.

When Mrs. Atherton turns prophet and attempts to guess the future of San Francisco, one can only follow her with admiration and hope. Much of what she predicts will doubtless come true, as anyone who has been in San Francisco during the war years will understand. There is life and vigor in the city that is quite beyond its ordinary pace, and a definite feeling everywhere in the West that the Pacific will grow in importance in the coming years. Even Mrs. Atherton is aware that the Bay Area is adequate for this future if it should materialize.

Whether or not San Francisco will remain the beautiful, colorful, cultural center of life in the Pacific West that it has always been in this event, is also matter for speculation, but Mrs. Atherton feels certain that it can fulfill its destiny and remain what it has always been: the little Paris of the United States.

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Quarterdeck Hero

NELSON: A BIOGRAPHY. By Carola Oman. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 748 pp. $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

TO the biography of Horatio Nelson, Carola Oman has brought a careful training in the techniques of historical research, a considerable familiarity with the period of the Napoleonic wars, a disciplined and patient industry, and a fluent and polished literary style. Her purpose, apparently, was no less than a "definitive" biography of England's greatest naval hero, who, in spite of the millions of words written about him, has had, so far, no definitive biography. In large measure she has succeeded. Her year-by-year narrative of Nelson's life is always readable, scholarly, and adult; it makes a critical use of a vast range of source material, including some which has hitherto not been readily accessible. Her "Nelson" comes nearer being "definitive" by the accepted standards than anything now in print.

What is lacking is a sharp focus of interest. Horatio Nelson is interesting in two ways: as a naval commander and as an individual. Miss Oman fails to bring either of these aspects into clear relief, and she hardly comes to grips at all with the central problem of relating the two in a three-dimensional study. She seems to have studied all the important accounts of Nelson's campaigns and most of the original documents, but without much real feeling for warfare under sail, so that, while the battle pictures are dignified and vaguely stirring, the significant details of strategy and tactics fail to emerge. Admiral Nelson remains a hero on a quarterdeck, seen through a haze of smoke and time, lifelike, not alive. Similarly the details of Nelson's undignified private life, his neuroses, his moral callousness, his pre-adolescent preoccupation with death and glory, his grotesque affair with Lady Hamilton, are all, not suppressed, but displayed, as it were, through the wrong end of a spy glass, a little out of focus. Instead of complementing each other, the commander and the romantic egotist blur each other's outlines. What remains clear is the periphery of the portrait; the little figures in the costumes of the period surrounding the ambiguous hero. With purely social details of parks and furniture, receptions and dinner parties, and the little reactions of little people to the half-mad demi-genius thrust among them, Miss Oman does a magnificent job.

Even as a work of reference, this

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biography of Nelson is not without its disappointments. It contains much shrewd criticism of sources, but no critical bibliography. It narrates with balanced objectivity most of the facts about the life of Horatio Nelson which can be firmly established, but by a strict adherence to chronological order it prevents anyone simply interested in Nelson the sailor, or in Nelson the lover, from following either career without constantly hurdling irrelevant paragraphs. Even the index, which runs to thirty-five, three-column pages, is organized on so elaborate and peculiar a system of subtopics, that it is easier to leaf through the book in search of the fact one wants, than to dig its page number out of so much fine print.

Lots of Pie for Breakfast

IT'S AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CUSTOM. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. New York: Vanguard Press. 1946. 277 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

THE French have a name for such books as Mr. Mitchell's. They call them "little history." In them you will not learn very much of great movements and reforms, of dynasties and campaigns, but you will be given amusing or astonishing glimpses of past times, odd bits of information, and curious scenes, or human gestures, outlined for a minute, and gone again with the turning of a page. Such a book is fascinating with the fascination of the encyclopedia. It is hard to ay down once you have picked it up, but if you read for too long, you will learn so much that you will grow confused. Mr. Mitchell's book should be read one chapter at a time, and if possible aloud. His style is assured, flexible, and ironic, his scholarship sound, and his judgment in choosing his material excellent.

In the first chapter you will find much about pie for breakfast, including the average weight of ten high New England officers with Washington at West Point. It was 217 pounds. You glance over old tavern bills, have breakfast with an English traveler about 1806, find out what Dickens and Matthew Arnold thought of our breakfast customs, and read with renewed horror what the Borden family ate at seven o'clock on the August day of the murder. As the pages turn, you learn much about wild turkeys and cheeses including the Mammoth Cheese of Cheshire, Massachusetts, which was made for Thomas Jefferson and weighed 1,450 pounds. Fish-fries and shad, bundling and weather omens, drums, centenarians, and epitaphs follow, all spiced with delightful quotations and incidents. Here is an epitaph from Dorchester, crude and homespun and yet with a haunting quality:

On the 21st of March
God's angels made a sarche.
Around the door they stood;
They took a maid,
It is said,
And cut her down like wood.

Mr. Mitchell then draws attention to the lush growth of ephemeral creeds in New England, and to the comparative rareness of haunted houses. In fact he does not uncover even one good ghost story but contents himself with a few instances of poltergeist activities. No, I am wrong. Surely it was strange that, on March 10, 1850, the Rev. Eliakim Phelps should have returned home from church to find his door hung with crepe and a phantom corpse in the parlor! Ghost ships next have their turn, and Mr. Mitchell gives in full three ballads about them, which I for one thought very satisfactory. The chapter on peculiar place names seemed a little less lively until the last page or two, and then the book ends with a shower of newspaper clippings beginning in 1860.

"It's an Old New England Custom" preserves the qualities of good talk. It is scholarly, witty, and civilized. It ranges over a wide canvas, as a setting for the well-told anecdote or sharp detail. And like good talk, it will be most enjoyed beside an open fire on an evening when the wind blows and the rain drums against the windows.

—From "Old New England."

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In Dead Earnest

IT'S UP TO US. By Harris Wofford, Jr. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 145 pp. $2.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

HARRIS WOFFORD, JR., is a very young man with a very large mission. It began in 1941 when, at the age of fifteen, he read Clarence Streit's "Union Now," which, to his dismay, had been withdrawn from the Scarsdale, New York, public library only twice in the previous year and a half.

To a youth who at eleven had traveled around the world, reaching approximately the same conclusions as Wendell Willkie several years later, agreeing with Will Rogers that "I never met a man I didn't like," Streit's book made exciting and good sense. Obviously, the world had outgrown sovereign nation-states; obviously, peace could be maintained only through a federal world government.

With a handful of followers, all of them like himself Scarsdale high school students, Wofford began organizing student chapters of the adult Federal Union movement. It was slow, discouraging work. High school students, like their elders, were more interested in movies and baseball games than in building an organization that would keep the peace. But the idea grew, and by May 1944, when Wofford entered the Army, there were Student Federalists all over the country—earnest, dogmatic young men and women who would consider no compromise, who told each other and anyone else who would listen that only a world governed by law could be orderly, that only if each nation gave up some of its sovereignty to a world order could another generation of youth avoid conscription and eventual war.

In June 1945 Wofford went to San Francisco and, instead of witnessing what he had hoped for, the birth of a brave and new world, he heard "the diplomats orating their platitudes." And then came Hiroshima. After the dropping of that first atomic bomb, what had seemed desirable before became, to Harris Wofford and to many other thinking citizens of the world, an immediate necessity. If civilization was to survive, a world government must be born. By then, too, Wofford realized that such a government must include not only the democracies—as Streit had indicated—but all the nations of the world.

Harris Wofford has not written a great political tract. His book is meandering, occasionally naive, and, always, youthful. But it is a tremendously heartening volume.

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NOT FERRIS GREENSLET. What he said was, "I don't see why Elmbury shouldn't become as immortal as Cranford.",

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NOT LEWIS GANNETT. In the New York Herald Tribune he said, "It has sound claim to that disputable title, a 'modern classic'."

NOT IRWIN EDMAN. In his introduction to *The Fair Field* he said, "It is a work of art. It is the sort of book whose fusion of beauties one is tempted to sum up by calling it a minor classic."

Who yawned?

NOT TIME MAGAZINE, who wrote, "Frankly nostalgic, *The Fair Field* is also gay, bucolic, and crammed with anecdotal vitality."

NOT THE NEW YORK TIMES, which said, "This is a book to warm the hearts of those who cherish the art of writing for its own sake. It is written with humor and even a dash of mild ribaldry and much engaging and hearty charm."—*Orville Prescott*

NOT JAMES HILTON, who said, "Cheerful, forthright, beguiling. The whole book seems to me to have truth and health."

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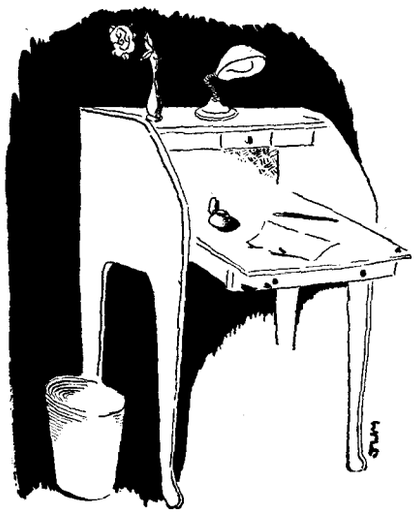
O'Neill, Lewis, Wolfe, and Others

ON SECOND THOUGHT. By James Gray. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1946. 258 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

FOR twenty years it has been James Gray's daily job to read a book in the morning and review it in the afternoon; some of those books running to a thousand pages. The obvious impossibility of such a chore has not kept him from doing it, nor from doing it well, if the present highly selective volume may be accepted as evidence. The newspaper articles he has gathered here to serve as foundation stones of more comprehensive, retrospective essays are, of course, those that have best stood the test of time, those with which he still finds himself "largely in agreement." We are given his hits without his errors. Even so, the evidence is impressive. Under the inexorable pressure of a daily deadline, Mr. Gray has shown himself to be a man of taste and independent judgment, mental agility, and verbal facility. Naturally, his second thoughts take in more territory and are more conclusive than his first; but the chosen first thoughts should convince skeptics that the business of reviewing does not necessarily exclude the practice of criticism.

The process by which "On Second Thought" came into being has resulted in a rather scrappy book, despite Mr. Gray's efforts to round out his surveys of authors originally reviewed. So, for instance, we find him writing of Koestler's "Arrival and Departure," but not of "Darkness at Noon"; of Aldanov's "For Thee the Best," but not of "The Fifth Seal." The only Aldous Huxley novels dealt with at length are "Eyeless in Gaza" and "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan"; the only Maugham volume subjected to the same treatment is "The Mixture As Before." Examples need not be multiplied. Obviously, the importance and value of "On Second Thought" are limited by the method of its composition; but, as brief quotations will show, Mr. Gray's opinions are always forthright and stimulating.



Eugene O'Neill is to him, as to many others, a "melodramatist"—"a man of courage and intense seriousness who fumbles awkwardly with his bold concepts." Sinclair Lewis is close akin to his own Babbitt; avid of quick effects and immediate rewards. Galsworthy is a second-rater: "the polite, regretful apologist for cruelty, reaction and inertia." Marquand's "satiric detachment begins to seem chill and meagre." To read Thomas Wolfe is to follow "a copious writer again and again through the dark and tortuous passages of a boy's mind." Erskine Caldwell is a primitive, comparable to the primitive Rousseau. Maugham's "work is meretricious and shabby." Steinbeck is "too successful." He is now "living under the spell of his own reputation." Others have spoken of Willa Cather's "flawless technique," but for Mr. Gray she "remains one of those troublesome writers who is [*sic*] neither great enough to transcend the rules nor patient enough to learn them." Saroyan's "moonstruck passion for the human race is certainly the most immature attitude that has ever supported a literary career through a decade of almost uninterrupted success." Louis Bromfield started out to be a first-rate second-rater, but by unflagging industry has made himself "a luridly spectacular, aggressively tawdry, affirmatively vulgar novelist of the fourth class." And Dorothy Parker (God bless us all!) "is one of the few writers of our time who is [*sic*] destined for immortality.

Perhaps the chief value of "On Second Thought" is the urge that it will give to many readers to make up their own minds regarding the literary period and figures with which it is concerned. It is a pity that errors, not merely grammatical, should have escaped the vigilance of author and publisher. "Antic Hay" is not a collection of "elegantly and artfully sadistic stories," but the best of the futilitarian novels of the 1920's. The scene of Louis Bromfield's "Early Autumn" is not "a parochial, Midwestern community," but a New England community very much like Ipswich. And, as every schoolboy knows, Arnold Bennett was not so niggardly as to write of "the Four Towns."

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New Hampshire Characters

THE GREAT WHITE HILLS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. By Ernest Poore. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 472 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR STANLEY PEASE

OF writings on the White Mountains the number is legion, as may be seen from the 114-page bibliography prepared by A. H. Bent in 1911, not to speak of many additions since that date. The early explorers were concerned with pure adventure, of which there was plenty to be had; later writers slobbered over the mountains with their own versified effusions or with extensive extracts from the Lake Poets, or, again, in equally sentimental prose, while yet others, in more desiccated style, treated the topography, history, or natural history of the region. In fact, of most books in this field it may be said that they are either too dry or too sloppy.

Mr. Poole, after thirty-five seasons of residence in Franconia, New Hampshire, and successful experience as a novelist, approaches his subject with an interest primarily in persons. His descriptions of places or scenery, though sometimes effective, are incidental to his main purpose, for he is chiefly concerned with pioneers, woodsmen, and conservationists, farmers, merchants, preachers, teachers, physicians, innkeepers, hunters, and politicians—in short, with the human fauna of the White Mountain area. His method of work is usually to select two or three communicative members of each of these groups and then to pump them for their experiences and traditions, especially those of a racy and novelistic type, classifying the different occupations chapter by chapter. Four pages of bibliography attest his printed sources, but more is derived from oral informants—whose names are commonly given—and much is taken from his own memories. The total results are rather lively in style, with occasional apt descriptions, but the desire to draw into his net the picturesque from whatever source leads to the inclusion of a good deal of matter, as, for example, about country physicians, which is not primarily characteristic of the White Mountains but borrowed from other parts of New England.

One who seeks accurate historical or scientific information about the mountains will find better proportioned and more reliable works elsewhere, and should use this book with constant caution against mistakes in spelling—*e.g.*, "Mogoloway" and "Weetano"; and how that veteran trail-builder, himself most meticulous in detail, must be squirming in his grave at being constantly called "Edmonds"! —contradictory statements, as on page 334 that the Ravine House is in Jefferson and on page 401 that it is in Randolph; unverified quotations from memory, and such exaggerated assertions as that on page 413, that, except for the California redwoods, the scrub firs, spruces, and birches in the White Mountains are the oldest trees in the world—they are, indeed, older than their stature might suggest, but a count of the rings in their cross-sections will not support the statement here made. In his attempt to achieve an easy and colloquial style the author frequently admits slovenly expressions of dubious standing, such as "grad," "profs," "gum," "kids," and "swell," which are likely to offend a more fastidious literary taste. Despite, however, these defects of fact and of style, the book will appeal to many readers for its friendly and intimate tone and for the author's very human approach to those from whom and about whom he has obtained his information.

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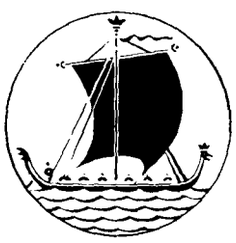

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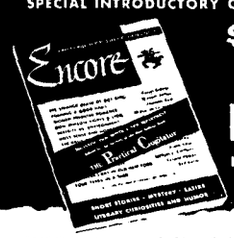

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GEORGE Saintsbury's "The Peace of the Augustans," which now appears in the trim format of the World's Classics (Oxford University Press, $1.10) is one of the best available guides to eighteenth-century English literature, and is at the same time the best possible introduction to its author's long shelf of literary history and criticism. Written in 1915, when Saintsbury was seventy, it is a work of mellow scholarship which exhibits the old master's characteristic virtues in undiminished vigor. His breadth of view, his ability to organize large masses of material, his sturdy independence of judgment, his often involved but always serviceable style (which says precisely what he wishes said), his obvious enjoyment of the task in hand, his remarkable range of appreciation, his critical insight and sensibility, his hard-hitting technique in controversy, his masterly use of the footnote, his pervasive humor, his enormous fund of information, and, even better, his enormous fund of good sense—all these are to be found in this "Survey of Eighteenth-Century Literature as a Place of Rest and Refreshment."

Saintsbury believed quite simply that it is the business of a critic to understand and evaluate literature, to communicate understanding and justify evaluation, and to kindle enthusiasm for great and good writing. This was the business which he practised with unflagging zeal and zest through a long lifetime. His interest in the technique or anatomy of writing is demonstrated by his books on prosody and prose rhythm, and by his constant preoccupation with form, but his prime concern was with the finished product.

A word of warning should be spoken, perhaps, regarding Saintsbury as a literary guide. That he is among the very best, there is no doubt, but he assumes, at least in "The Peace of the Augustans," that his reader will come to him with considerable knowledge of the material under discussion; with knowledge sufficient to receive and weigh the critic's expressed opinions, without explanations and summaries of the texts submitted to judgment. Indeed, it requires a real familiarity with what Saintsbury is talking about, often allusively, to appreciate the true value of what he has to say.

"Great French Romances," edited with an introduction by Richard Aldington (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.95), brings together "The Princess of Cleves," by Madame de Lafayette (1678), "Manon Lescaut," by the Abbé Prévost (1731), "Dangerous Acquaintances," by Choderlos de Laclos (1782), and "The Duchesse de Langeais," by Honore de Balzac (1834). Of these only "Dangerous Acquaintances" is likely to appeal to any but students or at least amateurs of literature. The cold-blooded sex-play of the Vicomte de Valmont and the Marquise de Merteuil is still fascinating because it represents perfection in a pattern of behavior that is still seen in all its imperfections; but, from the point of view of popular taste, "La Princesse de Cleves" is a period piece, "Manon Lescaut" has for its hero a "slave of love" whose sentiments strain patience, and "La Duchesse de Langeais" is Balzac below his best. Aldington's introduction is informed and amusing, and demonstrates, among other things, his proud mastery of American slang.

Ellery Queen's "101 Years' Entertainment: The Great Detective Stories 1841-1941" is now a Modern Library Giant ($1.95). The fat volume begins with Poe's "The Purloined Letter" and ends with Redman's "The Perfect Crime." I shall say nothing about these two, but I will say that between them there is packed as much good short mystery and detective fiction as two experts, working under a single name, could gather together.

Zola's sinful heroine "Nana," who has been going strong ever since 1880, has found her way into a Pocket Book (25¢). Her history has been read more often, I suspect, for the sake of her fleshly triumphs than for the moral contained in the last view of her: surely one of the most repulsive, naturalistic passages in all naturalistic literature. Zola himself was obviously fascinated, in a somewhat sophomoric way, by his subject . . . "The Stephen Vincent Benét Pocket Book" (25¢) is a satisfactory selection from its author's best prose and poetry, with most of the established story favorites present . . . And Arno's humor shows lasting powers in "The Peter Arno Pocket Book" (25¢). He has created a world within the familiar patterns of our world, and sharply illuminated the familiar by means of satirical distortion.

BEN RAY REDMAN

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Medical Progress in Two Decades

NEW WORLDS IN MEDICINE. Edited by Harold Ward. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1946. 707 *pp.* $5.

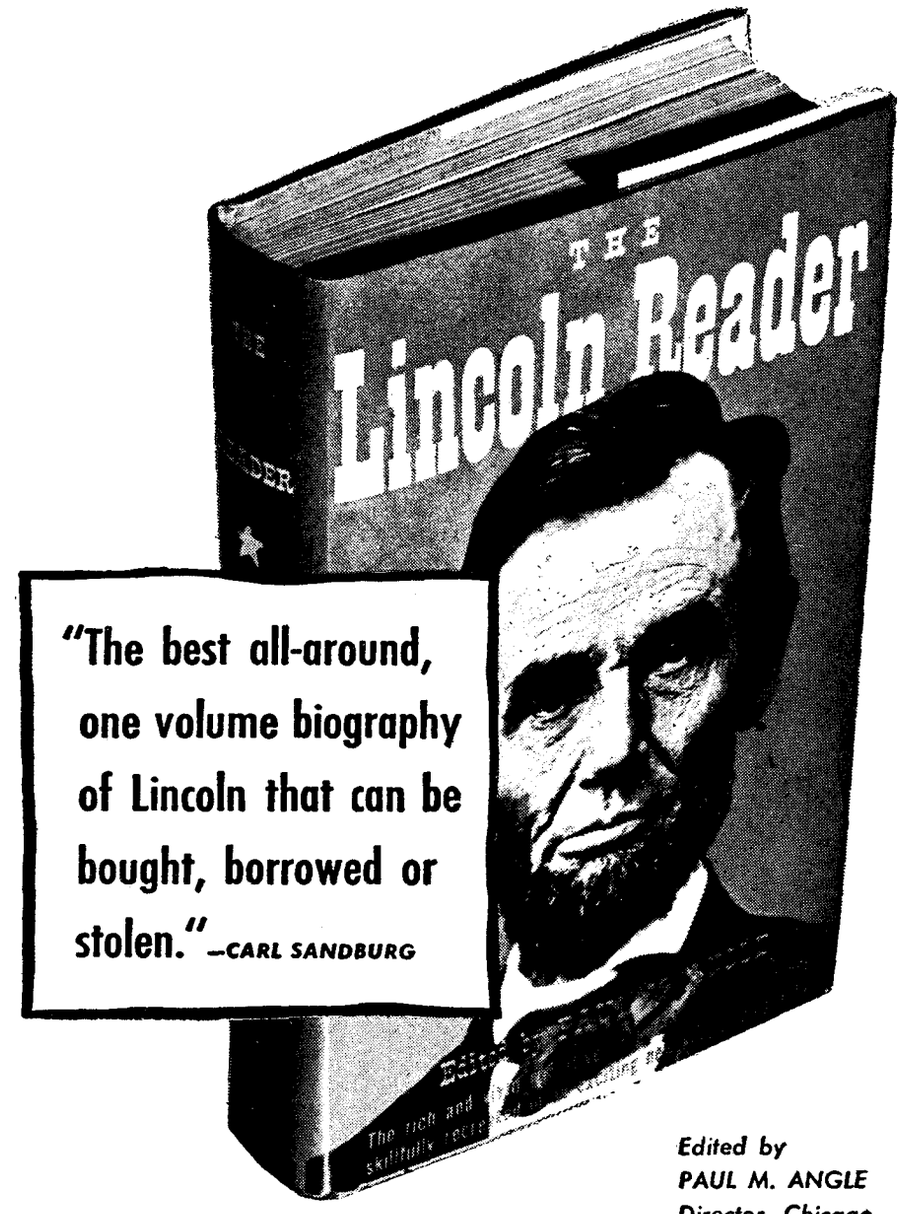
Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

IN his new book, Mr. Ward has followed the procedure which he adopted in an earlier anthology entitled "New Worlds of Science." The emphasis is therefore on the advance made in medicine during the last fifteen years. In compiling such an anthology an editor is necessarily torn between the popular appeal of the material at his disposal and its scientific importance. Mr. Ward has effected a happy compromise. An editor of experience and judgment, he draws not only on the more general writings of the eminent in medicine but even on such good journalists and popularizers of science and medicine as George Gray, Albert Deutsch, and George Russell Harrison.

Most of latter-day medicine seems to have been covered. The late Dr. Logan Clendenning introduces the volume with a retrospect of what has been accomplished in the twentieth century. Achievements in war medicine and surgery are ably handled in excerpts from the writings of Dr. E. E. Hume, George Gray, and Dr. F. W. Rankin. The various aspects of chemotherapy are treated by Dr. Iago Galdston ("The Dream of Ehrlich") and Dr. Perrin H. Long, a pioneer in the use of sulfa drugs. Though the antibiotics are dealt with there seems to be nothing on those discovered after penicillin. Nor is there much on viruses. But cancer, bacteria, immunology, geriatrics, epidemics, psychiatry, pathology, the endocrine glands, vitamins are all discussed by authorities in language that a layman ought to be able to understand.

It is pleasant to record that Mr. Ward has devoted the last section of his book to what is unhappily called "socialized medicine." Here he relies on such liberals and reformers as Dr. David Riesman, Dr. Bernhard Stern, and Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, so that the reader who may wonder whether or not we ought to adopt compulsory health insurance or to place medicine on the same basis as public education will obtain an overall picture of the problem of giving to all classes at the lowest possible cost and even free the best medical science has to offer.

Unlike most anthologists Mr. Ward has seen to it that his book hangs together, so that it is more than a haphazard compilation of important articles. His own introduction and his chapter prefaces and headings (in the table of contents) tell the reader what he wants to know about each author and about his position. So we have a volume which gives the general public about as good a survey as as it can expect of the progress made in medicine during the last two decades.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Wild Flowers and Weeds

THE GARDEN. By V. Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1946. 139 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MARTHA BACON

AFTER finishing "The Garden" I turned to Miss Sackville-West's earlier "The Land" and read that as well.

I liked "The Land," I must confess, a great deal better than I liked "The Garden." The two works are similar both in form and in content. They use the same device of the four seasons, for example) but the later lacks for me the breadth and serenity of the earlier. Miss Sackville-West has lost none of the sweet dignity which characterizes whatever she writes, but "The Garden" shows a looseness of construction that implies that the author had lost interest in certain aspects of her craft. The poem is written in long, relaxed passages of iambic pentameter with occasional changes of form and a rhyme-scheme to suit the hazards of wording. This is perfectly all right, of course, and saves it from the monotony of the too-regular rhyme-scheme but Miss Sackville-West allows clichés of speech to mar passages which might otherwise stand out in the beauty of complete simplicity. She also drops her articles, both definite and indefinite, if the meter appears to demand their exclusion and not, as far as I can see, if their absence serves to strengthen her line. Nor is she at her best in the colloquial voice or with the homely simile. These last are perhaps, of all forms, the most difficult to handle poetically, possibly because of their intrinsic poetic quality which is brought to ruin with the merest touch of affection. It is almost impossible not to slip into bathos in employing them. I can think only of Robert Burns and Robert Frost offhand, who have been completely successful in their use. Miss Sackville-West, to my ear, is most satisfactory when she is at her most musical. When she comes to her most artless passages, to the various short poems that apparently spring up in the body of her work like wildflowers, she says most clearly what she wishes to say.

How fair the flowers unaware
That do not know what beauty is!

These lines which begin one of the lyrics should be the talisman of "The Garden." The exquisite and sweet-scented county of Kent of which she is so much a part can best be recounted in the pure, unadorned and unadulterated truth of the English language, spoken according to the poet's desire but with something of the bird's artifice and not the human being's. And with Miss Sackville-West the colloquial is artifice. She is a product of generations of cultivation and her tongue cannot escape it. But though she can scarcely be expected to be a shepherdess, yet, paradoxically she shows to greatest advantage in this aspect. She is one of Sidney's shepherdesses to be sure, as much at home in Arcadia as on the Kentish Weald, but it is in this guise that she utters the purest English verse. In her more self-conscious moments she appears to me to show a kind of awkwardness or carelessness (for she is too sensitive a writer not to be aware of the limitations of which I have spoken) which makes one wonder if there are certain angles to the writing of poetry which fail to interest her. "The Garden," nevertheless, is a work of considerable charm and despite certain flaws will doubtless, especially to lovers of gardens, prove rewarding.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 191

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 191 *will be found in the next issue.*

NLKOG JOGN NOV JLA LDD

GNT GTAG WS GZFGN, "OG

VFAG KT ZOUNG: O'IT PWXT

OG SZWV VC CWFGN."

—GNT IOMLZ—UTWZUT

MZLKKT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 190

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last.

ABRAHAM COWLEY,
"Davideis."

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A New Line

TRANSFIGURED NIGHT. By Byron Vazakas. New York: The Macmillan Co. 77 pp. $2.

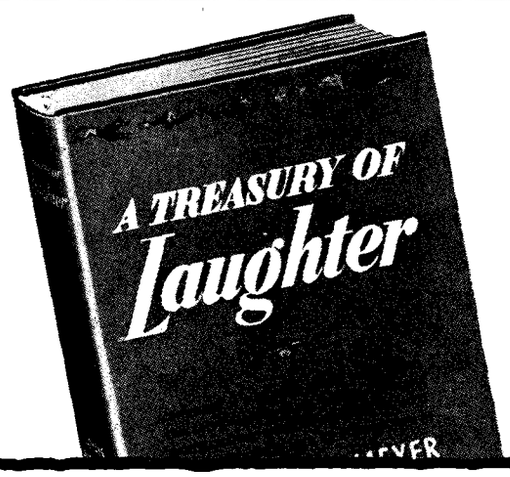
Reviewed by STARR NELSON

IN a provocative introduction to this first volume of poems by a young modernist, William Carlos Williams declares: "Byron Vazakas is that important phenomenon among writers, an inventor." Dr. Williams feels—and with justice on his side, one must admit—that the conventional line is a trap for the worst clichés of the art of poetry, and that some sort of revolution has long been in order. After a thorough examination of the poems in "Transfigured Night" he has come to a conclusion, which he pronounces with a finality admirable in the diagnostician if less understandable in the poet, namely, that Vazakas "has completely done away with the poetic line as we know it, a clean sweep, not a vestige of it left"; and has gone on to invent what not even Whitman envisioned: "a workable expedient to replace it." This new line, we are told, is actually a purely musical measure, typographically resembling a toy cannon. As a rule each "bar" of the music progresses to the next without pause or punctuation—which make it difficult fairly to quote excerpts from the toy-cannon poems (no one of which is brief enough to present here in its entirety). But beginning towards the end of an intermediate bar, in "Home for the Holidays":

> If memory is a pleasure
> it is because we love what we
>
> Forget, and all the past acquires
> its mild nostaglic tread. Doors
> open and slam shut; the draft
> slumps like a cat from a fence;
>
> And the cowardly cold is driven back
> by the heat that hisses unexpectedly.
> What ceases to move ceases to be;
> and progression is the only
>
> Perfection. Now the conductor calls
> his warning. The train jerks
> forward, and our hearts move forward
> until our hearts stand still.

This reviewer, who has been a serious student of music as well as poetry, who has no axes to grind, and admires Dr. Williams immensely, both as poet and mentor of poets, who has, moreover, an admittedly open mind toward experimentation along the poetic line—is none the less unable to experience the auditory satisfactions of music in the reading of Mr. Vazakas's poetry. I find in it certain virtues and excellences, but music seems to me the least of them. To this mortal (and so, of course, imperfect) ear, that which Dr. Williams hails with enthusiasm as pure musical measure seems nothing more than cadence consistently employed—a reiterative falling cadence grown familiar as the daily news and almost as depressing sometimes; and characteristic of the style of dozens of modernist poets, regardless of its typographical arrangement. A cadence not always so consistently employed as herein, I grant Dr. Williams. Perhaps, even, never before so consistently, relentlessly, and in its cumulative effect so monotonously, employed. It would be enlightening indeed to take a couple of these poems, arrange them differently, or write them out prose-fashion, and ask a panel of critics to establish their authorship by logical inference!

The qualities I like in Bryon Vazakas's poems are those which, to my mind, more truly distinguish him from many of his contemporaries. He is psychologically a realist and, like many another, his work is tinctured by the vials of the clinic—yet never disproportionally so. In the background of all his poetry, however maculate the superimposed twentieth-century scene, one senses an artist's passionate desire to project upon the present that lost, but never-forgotten image of an earth before Cain. Indeed, I would call Vazakas much more visual than audile, in his finer evocations. Cerebral, yet not to the point of obscurity, unquestionably sincere, lingually arresting, grimly evocative—Bryon Vazakas is a poet to watch.



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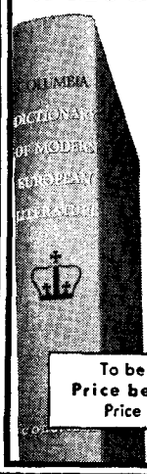

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F15

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WE SAW HIM DIE *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.)	Moribund millionaire and outlandish Californian cultist die in estate full of connivers before Tim Mulligan and Elsie Mae Hunt corral killer.	Addled religionist, dubious art collectors, jealous females, and puzzling cryptograms all play part in tale that jumps amiably all over lot.	Fair
COLD BED IN THE CLAY *Ruth Sawtell Wallis* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Tragic young prof. killed, suspiciously, by auto shortly after arrival in college town. His suspect wife is cleared by Lund of FBI.	Gossipy faculty characters and background capitally handled. Plot is suspenseful, dramatic, and puzzling; detective shrewd and likable. Writing occasionally rather fancy.	Recommended
THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS *Allan MacKinnon* (Crime Club: $2.)	Chance Cairo conversation plunges young Scot into plot to destroy postwar Britain. MacCallum of Scotland Yard helps smash conspiracy.	Murder of misled "prophet" in craggy Scottish mansion and chase of hero-suspect among high spots of thrill-jammed Buchanesque yarn.	*Almost* the "40th Step."
THE MEN IN HER DEATH *Marie Blizard* (Mystery House: $2.)	Woman movie - exec. killed in cottage on her Maine estate. Vacationers Tom and Eve MacWilliams investigate kitchen-homicide and subsequent sniping.	Filmdom characters pleasantly portrayed; plenitude of suspects: lots of action; sleuth and wife narrator likable—but plot goes haywire at end.	Might have been better
MURDER BY MAGIC *Amelia Reynolds Long* (Mystery House: $2.)	Newspaper owner stabbed in locked room. Phoney "mystic" drowned during suspended animation stunt. Carter brothers — 'tec and D. A. — spot the criminal.	Detective takes unconscionably long time to spot glaring clue to spiritualistic didos. Submerged coffin business rather casually handled. Finish limp.	Time-killer
THE BODY MISSED THE BOAT *Jack Iams* (Morrow: $2.50)	American consul in Brazzaville poisoned and packed in gorilla box. Young Vice-Consul, his new chief, and local radio broadcaster officiate.	Equatorial African background and people refreshing and unconventional; considerable gaiety, ample grimness, and razzle-dazzle finish that is slight let-down.	Different

The Epicures

By Frances Minturn Howard

THIS taste is not for every palate;
Bitter and salty on the tongue
Its savor; many a milder flavor
The stalls display to choose among

For those who like a softer texture,
A mixture blander; satisfy
The appetite on some insipid
Morsel, pleasing to the eye.

But they who have a deeper hunger
Crying from tissue and from bone
Will turn their heads and go by empty,
And call for bread and get a stone,

Wanting the rough unsoftened texture
Yielding to the savage tooth
That rarest and most staying morsel,
The little kernel of the truth.

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The Progress of Poesy

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN POETRY 1900-1940. *By Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska. New York: Harcourt, Brace, & Co.* 1946. 503 *pp. plus index.* $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

THE most informed critics often make ludicrous errors in judging the poets of their own times and thus provide entertainment for posterity. Yet how can we speak of errors and correct judgments in a field so susceptible to changing influences? Today, for example, psychology and political theory color the minds, and in vulgar styles the vocabularies, of many writers no matter what their attitude toward Freud and Marx. The power in any work of literature which can transcend such current ideas will always defy analysis. A few poets rest secure on an eminence no mutation can challenge; while lesser genius rises and falls according to the vogue.

Donne, to take a conspicuous example, was ignored in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, extolled in the seventeenth and twentieth, and may again decline in the twenty-first. Recently we have seen Pope and Dryden restored to the roster of great poets; yet they may be dispossessed anew by some fresh outburst of exclusive romanticism, as were Keats and Byron among the neo-Humanists. The discussion of secondary figures will always be fluent and inconclusive; the argument remains open.

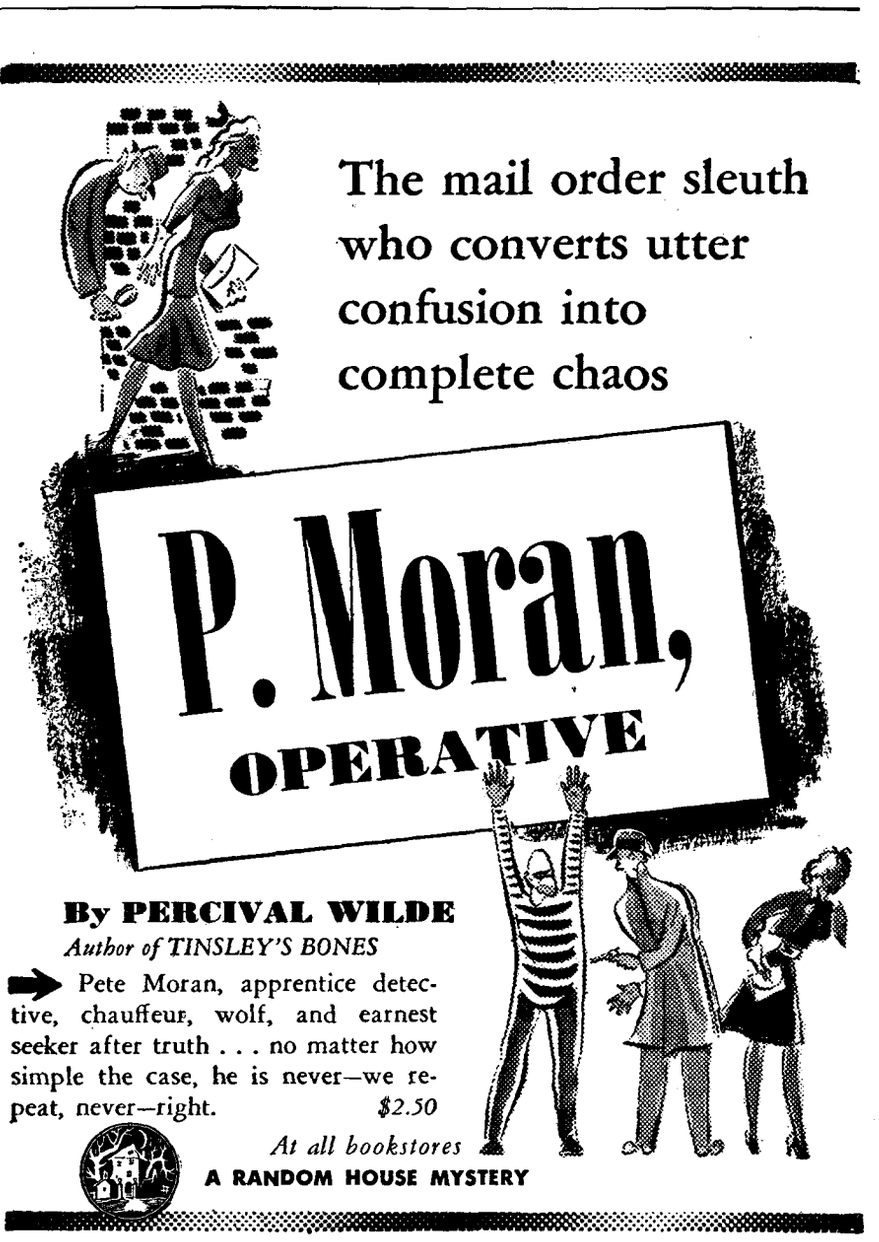
Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska have been wise in calling their book a history. Even so they are not exempt from the responsibilities of criticism. Bearing in mind that few if any modern poets can as yet advance more than secondary claims, we may assume that occasional differences between authors and reader are indicated and desirable. The book is nowhere intentionally biassed by prejudice and disagreement bespeaks interest rather than acerbity.

As a compendium of information and a guide through the confusion of contemporary poetry, the book is excellent. It is thorough, readable, and, on the whole, discriminating. The opinions are aloof from the intrigues of poetical cabals, and the irony, though here and there a thrust may wound someone, is mostly urbane.

Following the Prologue, which sketches in the poetic scene at the end of the last century, Part I carries us through approximately the first decade of this century and includes some figures who survived well past that period. It is distinguished especially by the attention given to the poetry of George Santayana and by the well-rounded essay on Robinson. Part II, "The Poetic Renaissance," presents "The Horatian Serenity of Robert Frost" in a sensitive appraisal of the oft-crowned laureate, and accounts of Harriet Monroe, Masters, Lindsay, Sandburg, Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, Conrad Aiken, and William Carlos Williams. I list these contents as a reminder of the luxuriance of that period. No one reader, of course, would subscribe to all the opinions involved; each will dissent according to his own notions. I, for example, would not praise Fletcher so highly or Williams at all, and for Ezra Pound's work—more especially, perhaps, his influence—I have always felt a certain repugnance. But a history must take account of the consensus, not the individual verdict.

Part III and Part IV, which bring the discussion to the present and deal almost entirely with living poets, are admirably clear, considering the embarrassment of riches, and impersonal, considering the position of the authors themselves. The subjects include Edna Millay and the poetry of feminine sensibility, E. E. Cummings, the Southern poets who stem from the Fugitives group, the Negro poets, T. S. Eliot and his effect, the national spirit of the Benéts, and a score of other poets and groups displacing the greatest variety and contrasts. An Epilogue, dealing with recent poetry and providing a Bibliography, with commentary, of nearly everyone who was omitted in the preceding pages, completes the book. There are a few names we regretted not finding and a few that received undue preference, but in view of the magnitude of the task this history is a fine achievement.

It will doubtless command a large general audience, and it will be serviceable, too, as a textbook.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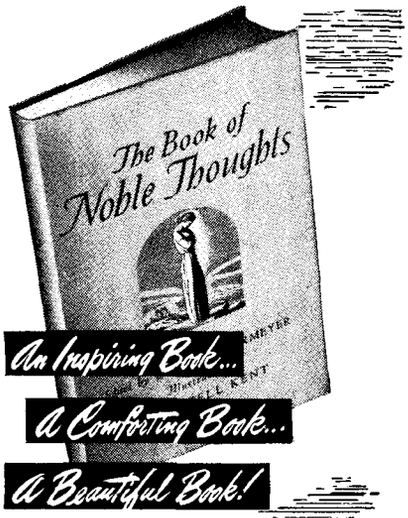

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GRIEG, HOLBERG SUITE, op. 40. Met. Symphony Orch. Rudolph Ganz. Pilotone DA 301 $5	Surfaces quietest I've heard yet and most free from imperfections. Ultra-clear, high fidelity recording. Very "dead" studio is bad: string orch. needs plenty of resonance (composers counted on it); unnatural clarity here emphasizes weak ensemble of this orch.	AA (plastic)	First of new "Academy of Music" series ("Academy" is five minutes of spoken comment in each album by Deems Taylor). Interesting musical choices. Playing somewhat rough, ensemble poor. Grieg is best; Haydn is neat but superficial performance.
HAYDN, SYMPHONY #45, ("Farewell"). Met. Symphony Orch. Leinsdorf. Pilotone DA 302. $5 (*Both of above*: 4 10" *plastic discs*; 2 *sides comment by Deems Taylor.*)		AA (plastic)	

NOISE SUPPRESSOR

THE much-talked-about Scott Noise Suppressor is a device which does not, as some would have it, separate record noise and scratch from recorded music and deliver the music whole and unencumbered—this being still a physical impossibility. Rather, it automatically varies the amount of both high and low tones that get through at any given instant, to make the best possible compromise with the music on the record at that point, a compromise that continually changes in response to the recorded sound itself.

The device is now built into several expensive sets, may soon reach more. It may be installed in existing phonographs for around $100, but you must ship yours, or its innards, to the installing agent for individual tailoring. You cannot buy the suppressor as a "package" and just plug it in, and it is unlikely that you will be able to.

The suppressor is controlled directly by the actual recorded sound on the record, in two specific ways—by recorded volume and by pitch. As we all know, objectionable record noise is at its worst in the "soft" passages; where the recorded volume is loud the scratch, rumble, *et al* are drowned out by the music. The suppressor has an electronic "gate" which when recorded volume is low is closed to both highest and lowest tonal frequencies, thus greatly reducing record noise. As recorded volume increases the "gate" automatically opens, both upward and downward, letting through the low and high tones that are suppressed at low volume. You may ask, in the soft passages, then, the high and low tones of the *music* as well as the noise are cut out? Yes. But the suppressor's makers cite a known principle—that at very low volume the ear cannot hear the extreme high and low tones that it can hear, full volume; hence there is no point in reproducing them in the soft passages anyway. Unfortunately, in this listener's experience, the soft passages on the phonograph were still plenty loud enough so that the absence of highs was noticeable—the "gate" could be distinctly heard working as the volume changed—an effect like the turning up and down of the tone control. However this is a subtlety that will bother few.

In addition to its reaction to recorded volume, the suppressor has a farther pitch reaction which borders on the secret list, and is in any case somewhat more baffling to the amateur. The extent of the opening of the electronic gate (both upward and downward) is directly controlled by the frequency (pitch) of the recorded sound. Upward, as I get it, the gate opens far enough to include the important overtones of a given tone in the record, and hence its all-important tone color; downward, the control similarly depends on overtones to let through the sound of a low tone (which may be "heard" via its overtones even though it is not itself actually present—a well-known fact).

Technicalities aside, the Noise Suppressor in effect cuts out record noise when there isn't much music mixed with it—lets through the noise where the music can drown it out; and this in itself is a great improvement over all fixed "tone control" or filter systems. Your approval will depend on whether the action of the device in sharply varying the highs and lows is noticeable to your ear and hence annoying.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Heroes

FEBRUARY is the month that brings the birthday of two of America's heroes. Boys and girls who have read and listened to the folk and fairy tales turn with equal interest to the epic stories of Greece and Finland, of Norway and Ireland, and of our own American Indians. Then, with the qualities that make a hero formed in their minds, they measure against them the makers of modern history. It is for this reason that we have postponed the review of Gustav Schwab's "Gods and Heroes" to our February number. With it for a background the children and the storytellers can turn to Carl Sandburg's "Abe Lincoln Grows Up," to the Benéts' "Book of Americans," and to the personal records of the two world wars. It is a good time to share with young people the tales that are, in any age, an affirmation of such qualities as courage and vision, perseverance and selflessness. They should be selected from the old books as well as from the new and from every country in the world as well as from our own.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

Hellenic Classics

GODS AND HEROES; MYTHS AND EPICS OF ANCIENT GREECE. By Gustav Schwab. Translated from the German Text and its Greek Sources by Olga Marx and Ernst Morwitz. Introduction by Werner Jaeger. New York: The Pantheon Press. 1946. 764 *pp.* $6.

THIS is the first translation into English of Gustav Schwab's "Die Sagen des Klassischen Altertums"—a re-telling in prose of the Greek myths, the poetry of Homer and Ovid, and the plays of the great Greek dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. It brings all of the sources together into one harmonious whole, weaving a rich tapestry that gives continuity and drama to the Greek classic literature. As a book, its value ranks with or even above the complete edition of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" published by Pantheon in 1944 and the new translation of the Russian folktales brought out in 1945.

An hour spent with it is a deeply refreshing experience. Following a story from page to page or reading at random here and there, one becomes lost in the beauty and freshness that the printed words reveal. William Henley said it best when he wrote that to read the Greek classics is to have "a breath of the clear and serene airs that blew through antique Hellas; to catch a glimpse of the large, new, shining light that bathes the sea and the highlands of the young, heroic world . . . where the sunny-eyed heroic age is revealed in all its nobleness, its candor, and its charm." If Henley felt that in the comparative tranquillity of the nineteenth century, how much more deeply we feel it in the confused and turbulent days of the twentieth.

—From "Gods and Heroes."

In his informing introduction Werner Jaeger says of Schwab's writing: "It owes its freshness and color to the wise restraint the author imposed upon himself. He was neither the philosopher who expounds the meaning of the myths nor the scholar who investigates their source. . . . He wrote for the average reader and wanted to convey the legends in the form they have come down to us. . . . Because of his naivete and his complete lack of scholarly ambition the poetic power with which the poets of antiquity told these tales is preserved in Schwab's re-telling." Certainly the translators have been entirely successful in conveying to readers of English this sense of "joy in the telling," of utter absorption in the beauty and drama of the story. Here the story of Zeus and Io becomes an exquisite fairy tale, as fascinating to a child as the story of Cinderella or the Sleeping Beauty. Here The Tale of Troy and The Odyssey read like great novels—rhythmic in wording, dramatic in the development of action, smooth in transition. Here the lover of folklore finds fascinating parallels. The story of Prometheus is the North American Indian story of Raven, the Giver of Light. Yet, in contrast to the Indian version one feels here the quality that Henley expresses—as though both the scene and the hero were bathed in a radiance that no other country in the world has known—or has expressed.

Stirring as it is, the quality in this book that impresses one most is its *completeness.* To have the Greek myths, the drama, and the classic poets in one volume, beautifully printed and illustrated with reproductions of the Greek vase-paintings in the familiar black and red-brown, woven together and translated with great skill and distinction—this is to possess a treasure beyond price. It is peculiarly precious just now when literary values are under terrific pres-

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sure from commercialism and propaganda. We can only pay grateful tribute to the scholars who translated it and the publishers who had the vision and the courage to produce it.

M. G. D.

Junior Philosophy

THE COW-TAIL SWITCH AND OTHER WEST AFRICAN TALES. By Harold Courlander and George Herzog. Drawings by Madye Lee Chastain. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 143 *pp.* $2.50.

HAROLD COURLANDER has retold these folktales from the people of West Africa so well that not one word is out of place—or out of rhythm. Children who like the crisp humor of a folktale and their elders who are interested in folk literature and folk art set the seal of their approval on Courlander's retelling of the Haitian folklore in "Uncle Bouqui of Haiti" when it was published in 1942. This collection is even more appealing. It has, probably, an even greater value. It will be fun to see the eyes of the children light up, to hear their appreciative chuckles when they listen to the tale of "Hungry Spider and the Turtle" or "Guinea Fowl and Rabbit Get Justice." In them both is a logic that will challenge and delight boys and girls. In them, too, is a philosophy, just as there is philosophy in the stories from "The Panchatantra," only here it is more primitive and less sophisticated. Here it is the kind of philosophy that boys and girls comprehend without the slightest trouble, getting from their comprehension that feeling of pride and pleasure that comes with the dawning of a new idea, a new attitude. The play on words will challenge them, too, especially when these stories are told. Does any storyteller exist who can resist the challenge of the tale called "Talk"? Its dialogue builds up and up to a conclusion that is so sly, so dramatic and unexpected that one lingers over it in delight.

From the Notes we learn that this story was told to Harold Courlander by an Ashanti from the Gold Coast Colony. His wording of it is masterly. It is here, too, that we feel the strength of Madye Lee Chastain's illustrations. It is the African stool that has the last word in the dialogue and on the page, just below that "last word" we see the stool—sturdy, graceful, drawn with an exquisite attention to detail, and so completely in character that one can actually hear it say, "Fantastic, isn't it? Imagine a walking yam!" All through the book the drawings confirm and strengthen the impression that each story leaves.

It is rather exciting to come across Anansi, the African cousin of Uncle Bouqui. The story called "Anansi's Fishing Expedition" is very like the one called "Uncle Bouqui and Ti Malice Go Fishing" in the Haitian collection. The only difference is in atmosphere. We learn from the Notes that the Uncle Bouqui stories, like those of our own Brer Rabbit, are African in origin. "Guinea Fowl and Rabbit Get Justice" reminds us of one of the tales that Ernest Kalibala brought from the Buganda people in "Wakaima and the Clay Man." The story called "Throw Mountain" has a hint of our own "Paul Bunyon and Babe the Blue Ox." One great value in this book is the variety in the stories. Some are sly and clever, some are funny, some are rather sad. All have the ring of a very old culture that has been preserved through memory and the human voice. The book shows great care in editing and format. It is well designed and well printed. Altogether an admirable start for 1947.

M. G. D.

A Rich Life Story

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. By Isabel Proudfit. Illustrated by Robert Doremus. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER'S father came to the border of Lake Otsego to found what afterwards became Cooperstown in 1785. His son was then thirteen months old. Young Jim grew up in the lovely valley that stretches back from the lake, riding and hunting in the forest, fishing and swimming in the clear lake water, going rather reluctantly to the little school proudly called "The Academy," forming in his mind those impressions that afterward made up the background and atmosphere of his Leatherstocking Tales. One chapter in these early days tells of the "sugaring-off" times. It makes the reader long for the rich, brown syrup that he "poured out in a little hollow of the clean snow."

—*From "The Cow-Tail Switch."*

He was eleven years old when he was sent to Albany to learn Greek and Latin from the Reverend Thomas Ellison because "Judge Cooper's sons must go to college." But Jim did not follow the pattern. Two years of study and instead of entering Yale he decided suddenly to go to sea. His first voyage—to England—took forty days and, incidentally, taught him a good deal about discipline. But he loved the sea and on January 1, 1808, young Jim Cooper became Midshipman Cooper and was assigned to the *U. S. Vesuvius.* Three years of war, then his father's death and his decision to resign from the Navy and take over the management of his estate at Cooperstown.

After his marriage in 1811 he lived in Mamaroneck with his wife's father for a time. It was then that he began to write, saying as he impatiently threw aside a "sugary" English novel: "I could write a better book than that myself." His first great success was "The Spy," published in 1821. In the years that followed he and his wife and their children traveled widely in Europe, living for months at a time in the European capitals. His fame was well established. Everywhere they went he was recognized as a great American writer and he thoroughly enjoyed meeting interesting people although he heartily disliked being "exhibited." "I have no wish," he said, "to be set up at a dinner table as a piece of luxury, like strawberries in February or peaches in April." He was forty-three when they finally returned to America, a connoisseur of European food and wine, a lover of good books, good talk, good art, and music but still fundamentally an ardent American. Sailing by the Island of Elba where Napoleon was exiled he had said, "In the end the people themselves are always stronger than the men who would take away their liberty."

His later years in New York City and, afterwards, at Cooperstown were shadowed by his resentment with the critics who themselves resented his own criticism of American manners and customs and even of her public men. America was coming into the industrial age, and Cooper found much that was crude and ugly in her cities. But he loved Otsego Lake and the valley. He was nearly fifty when he and his family settled down there and

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he built Otsego Hall and started a model farm. Here he finished his "History of the United States Navy" and wrote "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," and the two sea stories —"Wing and Wing" and "The Two Admirals." He died in the autumn of 1851 and his wife, who had been his devoted companion through every adventure, followed him a few months afterward. His was a rich, well-balanced life. It is well told here. There is an index and a complete bibliography of his books. M. G. D.

Fairyland Artist

THE SECRET DOOR: THE STORY OF KATE GREENAWAY. By Covelle Newcomb. Illustrated by Addison Burbank. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 156 *pp.* $2.50.

AN understanding and appealing biography of Kate Greenaway has appeared and, unless the children of the family capture it in order to have a look at some of their cherished favorites among the illustrations, the grown-ups in any home will find a great deal in it to interest them. This interest lies in the study of a personality and, too, in the account of a highly individual phase of art. A layman, reading this informal and sympathetic biography, will feel two outstanding things about Kate Greenaway. The first is the universal appeal of her work. Through the course of years human beings react in a hundred different ways to this or that phase of art, often with blindness and indifference. But who can take up one of Kate Greenaway's books or pictures without spontaneous pleasure and admiration? Her language crosses every boundary line and is understood by old and young. Too heavy-handed to create it ourselves, we understand it instantly by some "sixth sense" that we all possess to a greater or a lesser degree. The second point is the insistence with which Kate Greenaway's artistic expression welled up entirely from within herself, individual, independent of current art trends, or even rebellious at these, built up by a genuinely important talent in a simple, shy, unassuming human being. Her deep and imaginative bond with the world of childhood and the decorative interpretation that she gave to it was the well-spring from which came her drawings of that world as it was pictured in her mind.

Covelle Newcomb's biography traces all this growth from a simple and conventional childhood during which those about her did not recognize or comprehend the signs of talent and a creative imagination in the family's second daughter. So Kate took refuge

—*From "James Fenimore Cooper."*

beyond the "secret door" that led to her own mental world. It was the beginning of lessons in drawing at an "art school" by a child companion of Kate's that struck the first spark. Kate's family could not afford such a luxury, but she was allowed to go along with her friend and watch. Then, when she could not refrain from sketching, a teacher discovered her talent and the way was opened. At once she was brought up against the rigid rules of instruction that meant drawing dull casts and diagrams—not what her mind had pictured. She complied with them in order to get the instruction, but her own inner fancies broke through whenever and wherever they could.

When she was fifteen the tide turned with the winning of a medal for six color designs for tiles and the attention her designs won through a gallery exhibit. A magazine editor gave her work and advised her to draw real objects to improve her use of form and color. This threw her into a conflict that lasted all through her life, the conflict between her natural form of expression and the conventional and often well-meant criticism that demanded a different form in her work. She tried, honestly, to satisfy her critics, but at the same time she held unswervingly to her own purpose—"to re-create for the children the springtime of their lives." A sudden success with greeting cards helped her, financially as well as in her reputation, and commissions began to pour in. Then she added her own verses to her drawings—and her first book, "Under the Window," was published, a landmark in her career.

An endless number of fashions for children took over her designs, and there began a long series of imitations, of actual theft of her drawings. The English magazine *Punch* acclaimed her and she soon found herself, somewhat reluctantly, moving in high society—even to Buckingham Palace. Much more important, Ruskin, now at the height of his fame, discovered her drawings and formed with her a friendship that lasted through his life and included a lively correspondence. The story of this friendship forms one of the most delightful parts of this book. Even Ruskin, although with gentleness and understanding, tried to show her that she needed more competence and a greater sense of reality—her two ancient lacks. She tried again, painting some realistic portraits. But again the conflict arose. As Covelle Newcomb says: "Fairyland children were her world; realistic portraits never entered it." With the publication of her "Mother Goose" the peak of her fame was reached. Not long after an acute form of muscular rheumatism bothered her, and the death of John Ruskin saddened her immeasurably. She lived less than two years after his death.

"The Secret Door" is very attractive in appearance, with its dainty Greenaway figures in color here, there, and everywhere. Addison Burbank has made drawings after Kate Greenaway offering "free rather than exact copies." The story is told simply and graphically. A very real personality emerges for us, as well as the importance of her unusual talent. In regard to its importance let us quote from the monograph by Anne Carroll Moore published to celebrate Kate Greenaway's one hundredth birthday last spring:

> Never has it seemed so important that the imagination of children be fed with pictures which have in them elements of security in family relationships and of beauty and wonder in the natural world as during the years of World War II.

MARION C. DODD.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Samuel Slumky, in "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens. 2. "The Honorable Peter Stirling," by Paul Leicester Ford. 3. Strephon, in "Iolanthe," by W. S. Gilbert. 4. Pete Hartman, in "The Front Page," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. 5. John P. Wintergreen, in "Of Thee I Sing," by George Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind. 6. Hank Martin, in "A Lion Is in the Streets," by Adria Locke Langley. 7. Berzelius Windrip, in "It Can't Happen Here," by Sinclair Lewis. 8. "Julius Caesar," by William Shakespeare. 9. Golbasto Gue, Emperor of Lilliput, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonathan Swift. 10. The unnamed Congressman, in "Cannibalism in the Cars," by Mark Twain.

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the Phoenix Nest

DESERT SOLDIER

ALONG the shriveled edges of my sight
where sun and sand are a disease, I see
a row of elms. They have on them the bright
soft snow that's like a fragile lunacy
of fur and frost. They are so cool, so still;
incredibly erected there to soothe
the itching dryness of my mind, to chill
a moment some hot curse into a smooth
ice-varnished fantasy. How wonderful
they are! so real I almost can forget
the thirst that hourly makes a miracle
of one small drop of water, and that sweat
is like a dandruff on the skin. My trees;
so peaceful in their soft snow privacies.

GLENN BACON.

* * *

Dr. Hilton Addison Wick of New Bethlehem, Pa., tells me about a periodical of old, which I do well remember. Could I hope some Nest reader might be able to answer his query?

The old *Young's Magazine*. Remember? Courtland H. Young was the publisher and a gentleman by the name of Pomeroy used to send kind words to temper the winds of rejection to such shorn lambs as me and once he did, HE DID! print a story by me and paid me $15 for it and I almost gave up my medical career but alas for the human race, decided otherwise. But the name of Harris Merton Lyon, who used to have a story in *Young's* once in awhile, brings to mind other contributors. Does anyone remember Forrest Halsey who wrote really brilliant novelettes for *Young's*? Sometimes he wrote queer little parables and signed them "H. Forrest." And Tom Gallon, and H. deVere Stacpoole (he wrote "The Blue Lagoon") and W. Carey Wonderly who wrote stories of the stage in a series called "Superwomen of Broadway"; and Vingie E. Roe, who also wrote short tales for Colonel Mann's *Town Topics;* and Tennessee Claflin Cook wrote one for *Young's* called "As the Tents of Kedar." And I recall Louise Winter and Gertrude Brooke Hamilton and Mary Sears and Jennie Harris Oliver and Oliver Onions. And I wonder how many readers of *SRL* remember the magazine and those writers? Young also published "Breezy Stories," and a collection of stories called "The Yellow Book." How I wish I had some of those back numbers today! Does any one, I wonder, have them? I've tried many back number specialists to no avail. Please ask your readers if they might help me. My address is Jockey Alley, New Bethlehem, Pa.

THE WANDERERS

They find no answer,
these we knew
as heroes, when
their banners flew

from Iwo Jima's
Bloody Nose
and in a hundred
Tokyos;

they walk the streets
and find no place;
for peace has left
an empty space

within them; and
their special skill
is wasted: they
are trained to kill,

and time has changed
the shape of things:
their glory rides
on fleeting wings,

and Fate has held
the loaded dice:
their valor has
no retail price,

their daring is
no coin to spend,
and courage pays
no dividend;

for war was all
to these it spared,
and ending, leaves
them unprepared.

LIEUT. E. R. YOUNG, USNR.

And again from the Navy, in the person of a Rear Admiral SC USN Retired, San Francisco, Calif.:

"WHAT! YOU NEVER TRAILED WITH HAWKEYE!"

(Written after a friend declared that he was reading the "Leatherstocking Tales" for the first time.)

What! you never trailed with Hawkeye? Never ransomed old Tom Hutter?
Never loved the erring Judith, nor poor Cora, richly dark?
Never took a scalp with Chingachcook nor heard fierce Magua mutter
Nor darted forth with Uncas in his arrowy birch-bark?
Well, you'll share the deadly struggle in the river—as you're able,
With the scout and stern Mohican ply hot rifle and red blade,
Till you land dogmatic Cap and Jasper Oh-the-deuce and Mabel
Behind the staunch protection of Oswego's tall stockade.

Yes, among the ambushed islands you shall set the *Scud* a-flying;
You shall see the soldiers seated, ghastly, past all mortal help;
You shall hear June's thrilling whisper sound a deathsong for the dying
In that strange and dreadful warning: *"Blockhouse good—it got no skelp!"*

DAVID POTTER.

* * *

FOREVER AMBROSIA

(Odyssey, Book V.)

Calypso
Is a bit of a dipso,
She can't keep up her pants, they slip so*

She always telegraphs her punches
By serving those ambrosial lunches,

And after getting Ulysses blotto
Leads him to her private grotto.

The Ancient Mariner tires of nectar
Had without benefit of rector,

And hankering to hoist Blue Peter
Gets so he's afraid to meet her.

After seven years, one afternoon
She says: "You're not *going?* What, so soon?"

Sadly the hero reaffirms:
"I can't be immortal on your terms.

"No can do. Even in a cave
I'm too pooped to misbehave.

"Listen, lady, it simply shows ya
Men can't live just on ambrosia."

Calypso laughed and laughed and laughed.
"Okay; I'll help you build a raft."

* * *

Don't let them kidja
About Ogygia.
It can be a weary isle
Unless you're really speluncophile.

BARCLAY HALL.

* [*This is a question of propriety. Watch out for the Watch & Ward Society!*]

* * *

To all my Contribs, their heirs and assigns,
Hundreds of well-wishing Valentines!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR, national monthly recently folded, wants job on unfolding magazine. Box 944-S.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHER going to Death Valley. Orders now being taken for copyrighted original 2x2 color slides, both two-dimension and three-dimension (stereos). Further information from C. Edward Graves. Box SS, Carmel, California.

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ARTICLES, BOOKS, FICTION, PLAYS, MARKETED. Bertha Klausner, 130 East 40 Street, New York 16.

COLLEGE STUDENT willing to spend summer as travel companion to middle aged gentleman. Box 945-S.

G.I., would welcome correspondence from all young people with varied interests. Box 946-S.

Continued on page 50

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PERSONALS

Continued from page 49

YOUNG MAN, Master's degree; French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese; literary bent; seeks research or other intellectual work. Box 956-S.

GENTLEMAN invites correspondence from people interested in Jules Romains' "Men of Good Will." Box 957-S.

YOUNG WOMAN, half French, four years experience in radio and journalism in New York and Paris, seeks interesting job. Box 958-S.

DISTAFF DILETTANTE desires postal palaver with ponderous pundit. Box 959-S.

INTERESTING MALE CORRESPONDENCE wanted by interested, intelligent, sincere, retiring, young lady. Box 807-S.

STUPID, untalented female wants correspondence with similarly equipped male on unintellectual subjects. Box 960-S.

PHYSICIAN, tied to his desk seeks stimulating and zestful exchange with feminine correspondent. Box 961-S.

DISILLUSIONED MALE, seeks correspondence with young woman with a working faith. Box 899-S.

LADY CLIFF DWELLER, loves life and informality, welcomes male correspondence. Box 962-S.

DO YOU WANT TO EXCHANGE pleasant correspondence with sincere gentleman? Box 963-S.

EASTERN YOUNG LADY, rather lonely, desires male correspondence. Box 880-S.

EDUCATED YOUNG WOMAN seeks publishing position. Writing, editing, research experience (Government, 5 years). Prefers San Francisco, Chicago. Box 947-S.

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YOUNG WOMAN with Cultural interests, particularly Horticulture, seeks refined, intellectual correspondent. Box 884-S.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 673

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

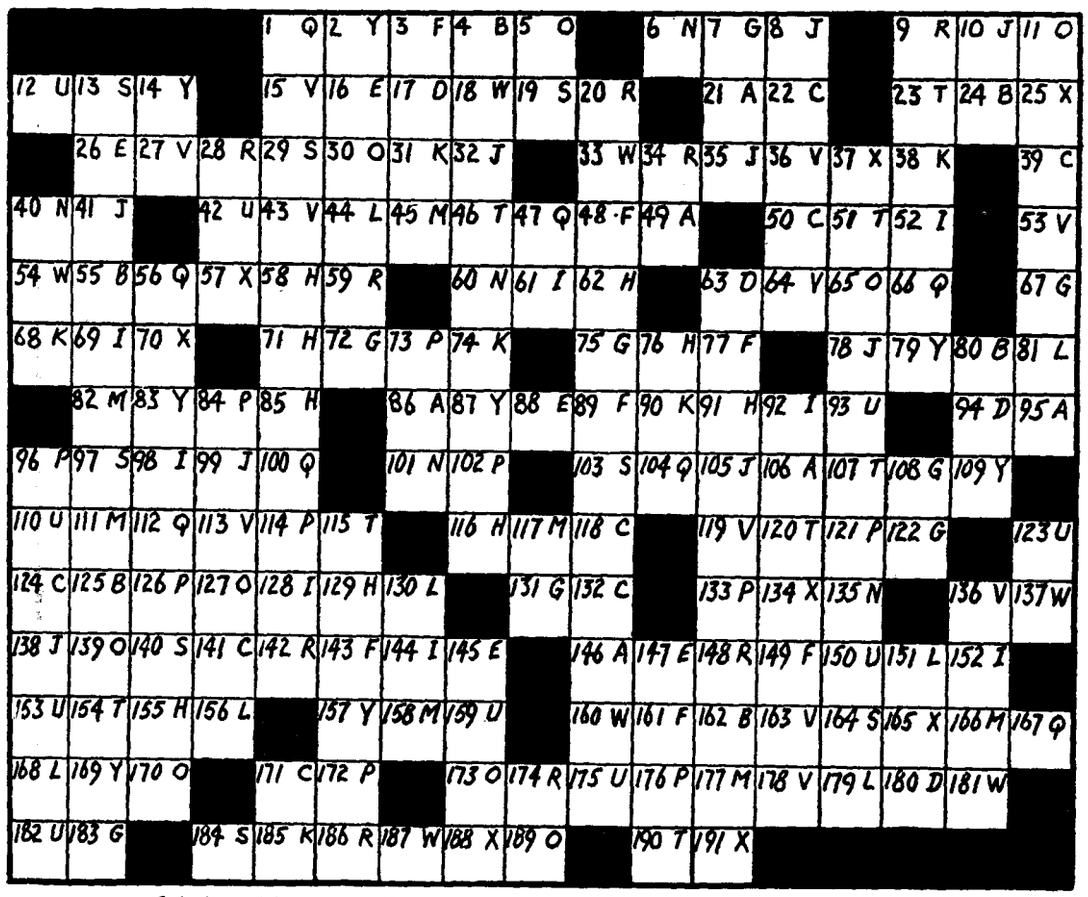
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Father of monsters: Cerberus, the Chimera, etc. (Gr. Myth.).	21 49 86 106 95 146
B. To fetter the feet of a horse, cow, etc.	24 55 162 125 4 80
C. Pain in the shoulder.	171 124 22 118 50 132 141 39
D. Imitating reality, but not real.	17 180 94 63
E. Last name of hero, in title of novel winning Pulitzer prize in 1938.	16 26 145 147 88
F. Made pliant, as the will; mollified, as the heart.	89 143 161 3 48 77 149
G. The articulation between the femur and the innominate bone (Anat. 2 wds.).	7 131 108 67 183 72 122 75
H. A fresh-water tortoise of Calif. used as food (*Clemmys marmorata*).	62 71 155 116 58 76 129 91 85
I. Old lively Spanish solo dance or its music (Composition by Morton Gould).	152 52 92 69 98 128 61 144
J. Opera by Gilbert and Sullivan (With "The"; 1896).	99 105 32 35 41 138 10 78 8
K. Operetta by Victor Herbert.	74 90 31 68 185 38
L. Excess; redundancy.	51 168 44 179 81 130 156
M. A moneylender (India).	45 177 158 111 82 166 117

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Swiss painter and sculptor of ultramodern school of art (1888-).	101 60 6 135 40
O. Prophetic; cryptic; occult.	173 139 11 5 30 189 127 170 65
P. Of a whale, to raise the tail and dive (2 wds.).	133 96 84 114 172 126 176 73 121 102
Q. Destitute of teeth (Bot. and Zool.).	66 56 100 47 167 1 112 104
R. Called to mind again.	9 148 28 20 174 34 186 59 142
S. To give relief or deliverance to for a time.	97 19 103 184 164 29 140 13
T. A piccolo (It.; Music).	51 23 115 107 120 190 154 46
U. Italian Florentine painter, pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi (1444-1510).	12 153 182 175 123 42 159 93 110 150
V. Resembling the largest of land mammals.	119 163 113 53 15 27 64 178 43 136 36
W. A leftover.	54 187 18 137 160 181 33
X. An inhabitant of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge (U.S.).	191 57 165 70 188 134 37 25
Y. Poetic name for a swain; such an one in "Iolanthe."	109 157 14 83 2 87 169 79

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. *The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed* WORDS. *There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

When the column headed WORDS *is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 23 of this issue.

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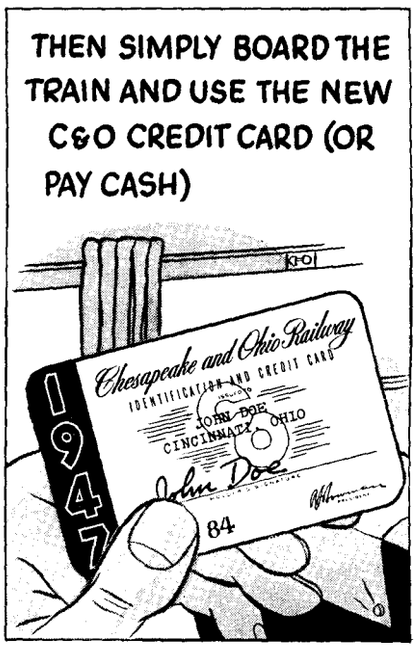

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